



THE
ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER X.

ODE TO PATRIOTISM.

Dulce e decorum est pro patria mori.

HOR.

BRITONS, whose firm avenging arm
Thro' *Gallia's* Legions struck dismay,
When fraught with slaughter and alarm,
Proud **EDWARD** march'd in dread array;—
When Poitiers' memorable plain,
The grave of thousands nobly slain,
Beheld her glittering banners won
By Valour's pride, his daring Son,
Arise, Ambition's host oppose,
And hurl, with giant strength, destruction on your foes:

If brilliant deeds, if deathless fame,
The soul heroic can inspire,
Reflect on **HENRY's** hallow'd name,
And glow with his unrivall'd fire;
Again in hostile troops advance,
And crush the base designs of France;
Muse, Chieftains, muse with fond delight,
On Agincourt's tremendous fight;
Nobly a Tyrant's power subdue,
And in illustrious **YORK** another **HENRY** view.

Our poth, our commerce to confound,
Spain erst, her floating terrors bore;
DRAKE bade the British thunder sound,
Abash'd they hurried from our shore.
Cherburgh, alike of haughty Gaul,
Thy cliffs beheld the mighty fall;
But why in ancient records trace
Their baffled schemes, their unredeem'd disgrace;

With steady look, and breasts a-cote,
 Marching our native plains to guard;
 We leave to Heav'n the chance of fate;
 But claim the hero's last reward:
 For, trust me, love, howe'er we speed,
 (Or victory or death is near)
 Fame's greenest wreath shall be the
 meed
 Of every British Volunteer.

Whoever meets the stroke of death,
 Shall sleep recorded 'midst the brave;
 His friends shall bless his parting breath,
 And warriors deck a soldier's grave.
 If SUSAN close my clay-cold eyes,
 If SUSAN tend my humble bier,
 No Monarch's gorgeous obsequies
 Can equal mine, her Volunteer.

In life, in death, my love is thine:
 But now our Country calls to arms,
 I feel an energy divine
 Add to that love ten thousand charms.
 Now, SUSAN sinks in England's name;
 Now, private, public ties appear:
 My loyalty is all on flame,
 Dear girl! I'm England's Volunteer.

Hark! hark! the martial trumpets sound,
 And one and all the notes obey;
 Undaunted myriads throng around:
 Yes! we shall fight the foe to-day!
 Never their standard *tri-color*
 Shall BONAPARTE'S legions rear
 In triumph on fair Freedom's shore,
 Whilst ALBION boasts one Volunteer.

ENGLISHMEN & FRENCHMEN.

Our Englishmen they stood
 On Egypt's burning sands,
 And there the Frenchmen stood,
 The bravest of their bands.

They had conquer'd Egypt's land
 When Bonaparte was there,
 But the sight of the English band
 Made the Frenchmen pale with fear.

Our Englishmen they fought,
 Our Englishmen they bled;
 But our Englishmen they fought,
 Till they left the Frenchmen dead.

And to those they did not slay,
 When the battle raged sore,
 Our Englishmen did say,
 We are enemies no more.

So they rais'd the wounded men,
 And set the prisoners free;
 And thus did our Englishmen,
 In the land beyond the sea.

But the Frenchmen, what did they,
 When Jaffa's town they won?
 Three thousand men, next day,
 They murder'd every one.

And now these base Frenchmen
 Are coming here to fight;
 So let the battle rage,
 And God defend the right!

They have conquer'd the Swiss and
 Dutch,
 They have conquer'd the nations
 around;
 But they never yet have seen
 A battle on English ground.

And never shall they say,
 And never shall they boast,
 That a battle on English ground,
 By Englishmen was lost.

For we are the sons of men,
 Who fought on Cressy's plain;
 And what our fathers did,
 Their sons can do again.

Morning Post. . . . H. B.

FRENCH FOLLY.

Tune,

Come all Hands a-hoy to the Anchor.
 French boasters by way of false cover,
 Some desperate project to aid;
 Would fain make it seem Europe over,
 Old England they mean to invade;
 As Madness is folly's attendant,
 However by plunder allur'd;
 If e'er they attempt it, depend on't,
 They'll then of their madness be cur'd.

CHORUS.

*With ourselves let what will be the
 matter,*

*At the helm whosoever may sit;
 'Tis not in an Englishman's nature,
 To Gallican Laws to submit.*

What rock we soever may split on,
 Whatever the Fates may decree;
 He can't in his heart be a Briton,
 French Rulers who wants here to see;
 About their huge Rafts let 'em vapour,
 And flourish away on dry ground;
 But trust me 'tis only on paper
 These terrible things can be found.

With ourselves, &c.

The Army of England—so christen'd,
 To storm us pretensions may make,
 But those who to secrets have listen'd,
 Think Ireland they mean to attack;
 Tho' some have with confidence said it,
 Let who will sit down at the loss,
 I ne'er to the tale can give credit,
 That ever the Channel they'll cross.

With ourselves, &c.

'Tis said, those who know their pre-
 scriptions,
 No soul that has tasted reveres,
 Are going to plague the Egyptians,
 And humble the Dey of Algiers.
 The banks of the Nile they may scour,
 And plant what they please on the
 soil;

Like locusts the country devour,
 But ne'er shall subdue Britain's isle.

With ourselves, &c.

*That old whim just now seems to seize
 'em,*

To India they cast a side look;
 The game which most highly would
 please 'em,
 Would be, a few Nabobs to pluck.
 The Popedom they've root and branch
 ript up;
 Of conquest their hopes still are full;
 And when the Grand Turk's heels
 they've tript up,
 They'll then set about the Mogul.

A SONG OF PITY ON
BONAPARTE.

Tune.—"Cease rude Borras."

CEASE, brave Britons, from invective—
 Spare a wretch, so mean and low!
 See, with torments more effective,
 Conscience comes, his deadly foe!
 Though with high-flown, blustering
 speeches,
 Bonaparte's tongue may swell;
 His every action plainly teaches,
 That his bosom is a hell!

Heavenly Freedom's hallow'd flowers,
 To this isle their sweets impart;
 Whilst, *without*, the tempest lowers,
 Sun-beams play upon the heart.
 Mark the contrast, I adjure ye!

The Tyrant's breast with torture
 wrings—
 Passion's slave—who, like a Fury,
 Goads him with her scorpion stings!

To others Providence dispenses,
 When with care or toil oppress,
 Celestial balm to lull the senses,
 And lock them in the arms of rest.
 Gallia's Despot ne'er reposes:
 Painful vigils doom'd to keep,
 His eyes no friendly slumber closes
 For "Macbeth has murder'd sleep!"

If

If engag'd in festive riot,
 Banquo's ghosts in thousands rise!
 Does he seek domestic quiet?
 Blood-stain'd daggers meet his eyes!
 In the tent, for war preparing,
 He's with Jaffa's scenes accurst!
 Vultures fierce his vitals tearing—
 Hark! his very heart-strings burst!

Can you o'er so weak a creature,
 The flag of scorn in triumph bear;
 'Tis repugnant to your nature—
 Rather shed the pitying tear.
 Cease, then, Britons, from invective,
 Spare a wretch sunk deep in woe:
 A prey to torments more effective—
 CONSCIENCE, HIS ETERNAL FOE.

S.

British Press.

CA N'IRA PAS.

A SEQUEL TO CA I RA.

BY MR. DIBBIN.

Monseieur, mon general, first Consul,
 I vill not tell no lie;
 I come de English Jonny Bull
 And all his trick to spy.

First, ven I get from sea-sick free,
 Just after Dover cliff,

I spy, vat I have never see,
 One charmant piece rost bif.

Ta ra la, la, la,
 Arrette ton bras

Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Ma foi ça
 n'ira pas!

I spy von people grand, so good

The lamb is no so mild

If unprovoked—put up his blood—
 The tyger's no so wild.

I spy the men so bold advance,
 For honour risk is lifes,

And, vat I never spy in France,
 The women all good vifes.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrette ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Soyez sur
 ça n'ira pas!

We say the English dog is spawn
 De mastiff—dat is right;
 For, though like us he never fawn,
 Upon my soul he bite.

That all your scheme will be forsake
 I know by what I've spied;
 So, as you'll not the lion take,
 You must not sell his hide.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrette ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Mon dieu,
 ça n'ira pas!

They glory have not moche to seek,
 For Freedom haf soche charms?
 Tout la Canaille, in bout six week,
 Are hero all in arms.

You must not tink you can prevail!
 They're fortified all parts;
 And, if you come, you'll have to scale
 A wall of English hearts.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrette ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Grand
 dieu, ça n'ira pas!

Thus, my commission to fulfil,
 I spy vat vill be found;
 One half your army vill be kill,
 T' other vill be drown'd.

So, if in France he's all go mad,
 He may expect to come;
 If in his vit, he would be glad,
 Better to stay at home.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrette ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Oh!
 diable, ça n'ira pas!

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Thy cliffs beheld the mighty fall;
But why in ancient records trace
Their baffled schemes, their unredeem'd disgrace;

Thy annals, *GEORGE*, with victories teem,
 On *RODNEY*'s tomb what trophies gleam :
HOWE liv'd to prove their efforts vain,
 And *NELSON* guides our fleets, dread Sov'reign of the Main!

But late impell'd by lawless pride,
 Fierce *Lochlin*'s* sons to arms prepar'd,
 And leagu'd with hostile bands, defied
 Our native prowess, long declar'd.
 Lock'd in their icy realms, with rage
 Each bosom warfare burn'd to wage;
 But when to the auspicious gale,
 Our fleet triumphant spread the sail,
Britannia made them rue the day,
 They rouz'd her lion port and scorn'd her naval sway.

Britons, the sword of valour wield!
 Advance, ye brave, in Freedom's Cause!
 Your Country calls ye to the field,
 To guard her charter and her laws.
 Shall ye, whom Europe's treasures crown
 With wealth, with splendour and renown,
 Bid War's inspiring trumpet cease,
 When mad Ambition bursts the bonds of Peace?
 Let *France* with feuds embroil the land,
 And crouch when Despots would command :—
 Sooner may Heaven desert the just,
 And all *Augusta's* Towers lie level with the dust.

Bound by the ties of social love,
Ierne in the conflict join :
 Thine is the giant broil; we prove
Britain's prosperity is thine.
 No more with hands in blood imbued,
 Let Discord strain wide Shannon's flood :
 Sedition revelling in her chains,
 With devastation fill your plains :
 Bravely your recreant train defy,
 With *Britain* conquer, or with *Britain* die.

Lo! where the Gallic streamers fly,
 And mock, in triumph borne, the air,
 Religion mourns with downcast eye,
 Her rites profan'd, her altars bare!
 Their track the great and good deplore,
 From Belgium's coast to *Afric's* shore;

* *Denmark*.

Where'er they rove, see terror flings
Her shafts, unfolds her baleful wings;
Oppression raves with poisonous breath,
And ghastly Famine stalks, and agonizing Death.

Genius of *Albion's* Isle draw near!
Ye Muses strike the living lyre!
Shades of illustrious Chiefs appear,
And every breast with zeal inspire!
Tho' restless Pow'r the base enslave,
Unaw'd her minions view the brave,
No prowess *Britons* shall subdue,
"If *Britons* to themselves prove just and true,"
Soon shall the clouds that bear affright
Be set in shades of endless night,
Farne o'er *Britannia's* weal preside,
And *GEORGE*, in triumph, reign, a Nation's hope and pride.

J. B.

*Extract from MR. JUSTICE HARD-
INGE'S ADDRESS to the Grand
Jury, at Presteign, in the County
of Radnor, August 9th, 1803.*

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,

THE Island which it is our glory to inhabit, (and prouder of it no time has ever made us) will soon present a very singular aspect.

The whole nation is to be in arms—for each—and for all.

It will no longer be the doubt of a reasoning mind, that "*self-love and social are the same.*"

We shall perish ourselves unless we defend those around us in every direction.

But that is not all.

The most animated energies of public spirit, and the domestic endearments of the heart, give a giant's force to this national host.

Party is at an end—though it is to that proud independence of political sentiment, which has given birth to parties, in their day, that we are indebted for

the individual sinews of the public mind at this hour.

Slaves to a tyrant are sure to abandon him in their difficulties.

We are united, because our spirit is free,—and because power has interested affection.

We are united, because we have the sense to discern, that in the want of union alone, was the Invader's hope to rivet his chain.

We are united, by the nature of the peril, and by the subjects of its interest.

The nature of that peril is compressed into a very narrow compass.

It is—the inordinate ambition (stung by passions that border upon delirium) of an individual, the ablest for mischief—the best armed with power to accomplish it—and the most unprincipled, that perhaps ever appeared in the world:

The subjects at stake are these.

1. We are now to keep, or now to lose, and for ever, a *Constitution of Government*—the wisdom of ages, and the best calculated of any, that ever blessed the world, for the *Rights of*

Man,

Man,—well understood;—not those of an Indian Savage, but of a moral agent,—enlightened—civilized—and social.

2. We have a *King* to defend, who is a model of all the virtues that are the bonds of domestic life—whose banners of conquest are placed upon the altars of his God—and who is a living record of that principle by which alone he reigns—"That all power is a solemn covenant of trust, for the happiness of the governed."

3. We are to save and cherish the estate, which is our inheritance, and those acquisitions which our industry or talents have produced.

4. But above all, we are to assert and vindicate that *spirit of honor*, the ruling feature of British character, which every one of us in some degree adopts and personates.

In place of these what is offered?

—A Government of *terror and caprice*, at the best.

It is to-day a *Government by the mob*—of all tyrants the worst.

It is to-morrow a *Government by the sword*.

What is to be our *Freedom*?

Let us interrogate that odious mercant, who told the Invader, that "God, after he had created *him*, rested from his labors"—with blasphemies like these, "*tiring*" but "*not satiating*" his ear!

What *Religion* is the Invader's creed?

We may learn it in *Egypt*, and from his banner there, which proclaimed one God, and Mahomet his prophet!—a religion well selected by him who exterminated, in cold blood, thousands of the innocent *Alexandrians*, without respect of age or sex, because they were barriers to his aggression—a religion well selected by him who poisoned the hospital of his own wounded soldiers, to be rid of the incumbrance.

I trust you will not separate before you address the King, or give in some authentic shape, a test or pledge to your neighbours, that you are votaries of Religion—that you are champions of your *King*—that you devote your lives and your fortunes to the contest—that you determine to survive it with liberties unimpaired, or to perish upon the bed of honor, and with arms in your hands.

THE SHADE OF WOLFE.

TO THE

PEOPLE OF BRITAIN.

HAVING particular means of becoming acquainted with what is passing in the lower world, and of what is going on in that still dear and much beloved Country which was once my own, I would fain address you on the momentous and difficult crisis upon which you are called upon to suffer and to act. I have beheld the firm stand which you have made to support the liberties of Europe; I behold you at this moment willing to die in the bed of honor rather than receive the yoke of a Tyrant. I see, with feeling of pride and glory, that the genuine spirit of freedom distinguishes still that Island in which I was born, and in defence of which I died. I exult to perceive that you have the good sense to detect the guilt, and defeat the treachery of THE OPPRESSOR OF EUROPE. He has duped the credulity, as he has destroyed the freedom, of every nation that his ruffian power has over-run; but the valour and unanimity expressed throughout every class and description in this nation will defeat his projects and destroy his hopes. He plans your invasion, and could he be successful, he would fill with widows and with orphans

orphans that Country which has so long been the object of his revenge. The Freedom of your Constitution shames his system of military tyranny; the freedom of your Press excites his indignation, as it unveils and exposes the secrecy of guilt; as an Atheist he would cancel your religious institutions; as an Usurper he would break down the throne; as a Despot he would plunder your wealth, and put your commerce in fetters.—But it is not for Frenchmen to inspire fear in the breast of a Briton. Trusting to that God whom it is your glory to serve, you have the means of effectual defence were your danger even ten times greater than it is. The fate of your children and of posterity is entrusted to your care; their interests are in your keeping, and you will protect them to the last. The tyrant that threatens you has no scheme so cruel that he cannot plan; no plan so infernal that he cannot execute:—His progress is a train of terror and blood:—The expulsion of princes, the desolation of kingdoms, the slaughter of unoffending provinces, are acts familiar to his rapacity; and his soldiery, cruel as himself, such the blood their General has spared. His hypocrisy is greater still than his ambition, and his cruelty is even beyond his hypocrisy. Unawed by justice, unappalled by remorse, his perfidy has slaughtered those whom his treachery could not corrupt. But when his mad presumption dares aspire to triumph in the fall of England, he will find his proud menaces treated with contempt. Come when he may, he will be taught that Britons are never unprepared to fight the cause of their Country; and, that, disdaining the example of their enemy, they will never dishonour their ancestors or disgrace themselves.

THE SHADE OF ABERCROMBIE

TO THE

BRITISH SOLDIERS.

PREPARE!

LET the Usurper and his horde of barbarians know the difference between slaves and freemen, between a Frenchman and a Briton! Let him see the strong and lofty position we take. We call Heaven to witness, no passion for vain-glory, no thirst of ambition, no desire of power, wealth, and dominion, points the edge of our swords. No, our bosoms are fired with motives more worthy of men and of Englishmen! The defence of our lives and liberties, the preservation of our wives and children, the security of civil order, and the maintenance of religious liberty, sanctify our cause and brace our sinews! Your country's freedom sounds the trumpet, and beseeches you, in the name of the throne, the altar, and your families, to stand at the breach between them and a horde of savages, who inscribe on their banners, ruin, ravishment, and massacre.

Whilst one spark of fire remains in the British bosom, whilst the warm current of life circles in his veins, who would not sooner welcome death than behold those scenes of misery renewed in his native land which have been exhibited in other countries? Nay, is it not to suffer a thousand deaths, to see your aged and venerable parents dragged from the bosom of their families, bleeding at your feet beneath the dagger of the unfeeling assassin; your wives and sisters seized by the insulting conqueror, for the victims of his brutal passion; and your darling infants torn from your affectionate embraces, and made the sport of wanton barbarity and refined torture? Thank God, the smiles

of

of delusion which at one time overspread your minds, are now dispersed. The professions of a deceitful and unprincipled foe no longer impose on your understandings. Your eyes are open. The sense of one common danger draws you together by one common and indissoluble band. His flourishing menaces, instead of appalling, serve only to animate your courage and inflame your patriotism. Your spirits are in proportion to your danger. Your energies, zeal, and fortitude, keep pace with his vaunting note of preparation. You shew yourselves at this important crisis, worthy of the name of Britons! The shade of Abercrombie, the genius of Nelson, is proud to own you!

The page of history records not at any period such an example of patriotism as that which has burst through the land. Never did the love of our country burn with a purer and stronger flame; never did the character of Britons shine so bright for hardy virtues. With an invincible independence, you join heart and hand, under a solemn protest that Britain, the isle of freedom, shall never bend her neck beneath the yoke of France; but since your hope is in union, and your liberty in victory, you will place your faithful wives, your hearty parents, and helpless children, behind the protection of your swords.

Yes, ye brave and virtuous defenders of your country, accept the homage of her gratitude. Regardless of your ease and conveniences, you feel yourselves born the soldiers of your native spot, your houses, your castles. Yes, ye gallant heroes, buckle on your armour, obedient to the call of honour and of duty; range in front of the throne, the altar, and your dwellings. Hark! the enemy lands! the trumpet sounds! the royal standard yonder waves its streamers.—Haste, to arms! to the coast!

march, face the foe! pursue him till he bite the dust, or meet a watery grave. Hark! victory! victory! Yes, Britons, you have calmed the fears of your country, frustrated the hopes of your enemies: retire to your homes! Your wives, your children are impatient to clasp you in their embraces. You have saved your country! the rewarders of your courage are ready to heap on you wealth and honours! to inscribe your names on the roll of fame, to take you from the ranks, and hold you up to your country, to Europe, to posterity, the theme of admiration and gratitude!

CHARACTERS.

OF

ROBESPIERRE & BONAPARTE COMPARED.

IN 1793, France suffered, and Europe was disturbed by the revolutionary anarchy of Robespierre; in 1803, France is enslaved, and Europe dishonoured, by the revolutionary tyranny of Bonaparte.

Robespierre and Bonaparte are both children of the same parent, the French Revolution; they are brother *sans-culottes*; brother jacobins; fellow subjects of the sovereign people; fellow propagators of fraternity; fellow apostles of equality; and fellow destroyers of liberty in the name of Liberty itself. Fellow rebels to their King, they have both usurped his throne; and fellow apostates of their religion, they have both used religion as an instrument to support their usurpation.

Robespierre had but little revolutionary experience; Bonaparte has a perfect revolutionary education. That the same blood runs in the veins of them both, the equally bloody measures

asures employed to obtain power, and the equally bloody deeds to preserve power, proves beyond contradiction; but the impolitical terror employed by the one, has strengthened and confirmed the political oppression of the other.

The murder and massacre of the Parisians in the prisons, September 1792, laid the foundation of the greatness of Robespierre; the murder and massacre of the Parisians in the streets, October, 1795, laid the foundation of the greatness of Bonaparte. Both were, however, previously known in the bloody annals of the Revolution; both had already given proofs of their revolutionary civism. Robespierre planned the massacre at Avignon, October, 1791; and Bonaparte performed the massacre at Toulon, in December, 1793.

Robespierre had his Danton; Bonaparte his Barras. The advice of Danton assisted Robespierre; the protection of Barras advanced Bonaparte. Robespierre, to become Dictator, espoused the interest of Danton; Bonaparte, to become a General, married the mistress of Barras. Robespierre sent Danton to the scaffold; Bonaparte sent Barras into exile. The one murdered an accomplice; the other disgraced a benefactor he dared not murder.

At the head of the Committee of Public Safety, Robespierre crowded the prisons with suspected Frenchmen; at the head of the army in Egypt, Bonaparte poisoned the wounded Frenchmen who crowded his hospitals. Robespierre guillotined *en-masse* French Aristocrats; Bonaparte poisoned *en-masse* French soldiers. Fear moved the axe of Robespierre's guillotine; cruelty distributed the poisonous draught of Bonaparte. Cowardice made Robespierre a murderer; calcula-

tion made Bonaparte a poisoner. The one destroyed those he feared as enemies; the other poisoned those friends who had served him as soldiers. Robespierre gave no quarter to his enemies; Bonaparte massacred, in cold blood, enemies to whom he had given quarter.

Robespierre declared war of extermination against La Vendee; Bonaparte, by a perfidious peace, exterminated the Royalists of La Vendee. The one burned and plundered their property as enemies; the other imprisoned, transported, and murdered their persons when friends.

Robespierre, in his proclamation, threatened all Europe with a Revolution; Bonaparte, by his negotiations, has revolutionised the whole Continent of Europe. Robespierre, with his guillotine, proposed to establish an universal anarchy; Bonaparte, with his bayonets, proposes to establish an universal slavery.

Robespierre spoke of humanity in sending hundreds every day to the scaffold; Bonaparte speaks of generosity in sending to prison thousands of innocent travellers, protected by the laws of nations and of hospitality.

Robespierre *bravely* ordered no quarter to be given to British soldiers; Bonaparte *nobly* imprisons Britons who are no soldiers.

Under Robespierre, thousands of Frenchmen were in fetters; under Bonaparte, the whole French nation is enslaved.

Robespierre called all Princes tyrants; Bonaparte wishes to tyrannize over all legal Princes.

Robespierre, in his speeches, abused and insulted all Monarchs; Bonaparte, by his negotiations, has degraded Monarchy.

Robespierre proscribed commerce in France, by establishing a maximum; Bonaparte

Bonaparte expects to revive commerce, by establishing a maximum upon thrones.

Robespierre, when a Dictator, to undermine thrones, continued to use the manners and language of a citizen *sans-culotte*; Bonaparte, when a Consul, to crush thrones, speaks to kings as if they were *sans-culottes*, and to emperors as if they were his fellow citizens.

Robespierre was a revolutionary fanatic; Bonaparte is a revolutionary hypocrite. The one was blood-thirsty through fear and fanaticism; the other is cruel from nature, from ambition, and self-interest. The one boldly told all mankind, that he was its enemy; the other acts as the enemy to all mankind in pretending to be its friend. The one decreed death to any one who should speak of peace; the other meditates slavery, plots ruin, and prepares death by his pacifications.

The names of the victims who perished by Robespiercean cruelty, were published in the daily papers; the names of those victims of Bonaparte's cruelty, who perish by the arms of his military commissions, by poison in his dungeons, by sufferings during transportation, and by misery in the wilds of Cayenne, are only known to himself, to his accomplices, and to his executioners. Robespierre's victims were tried and condemned before they were executed; the victims of Bonaparte are condemned without a trial, and executed without a condemnation.

The revolutionary fanaticism of Robespierre, like the religious one of Cromwell, sent his king to the scaffold; the revolutionary hypocrisy and ambition of Bonaparte, like that of Cromwell, keeps his legal king from his hereditary throne.

The friends of Robespierre pretend he

died a martyr to his cause, as a revolutionary enthusiast. Bonaparte is a revolutionary sophist, who, probably, will perish the martyr of his machiavelism.

Robespierre was a Fleming; Bonaparte is a Corsican; the one born at Arras, in Flanders, the other at Ajaccio, in Corsica; the one in the northern, the other in the southern part of the French empire; neither of them was a Frenchman.

Robespierre has only been seen during foreign wars, civil troubles, and domestic factions; Bonaparte is firmly seated upon the throne of the Bourbons, all enemies are vanquished, all troubles are quieted, and all factions dissolved. What Robespierre would have done in his situation it is impossible to say; but we have all witnessed, and witness yet, the proscription of liberty, the subversion of laws, the incertitude of property, and the organized military despotism of Bonaparte. The first Consul of the French Republic, and the sovereign of thirty millions of slaves, shews every day the low whims, the mean caprices, the degrading vices, and the unbecoming passions of a Corsican Adventurer, and the little soul of a fortunate upstart.

British Press.

The following spirited ADDRESS was spoken by BARON GEORGE, when passing sentence on Walter Clare, and others who had been concerned in the late Insurrection in the capital of Ireland.

“UNHAPPY men! before I pronounce that awful sentence of the law which your horrible crimes have drawn down upon you; while yet in this world you can use those powers of thought and reflection which you have abused to the contemplation of those abominable crimes which you have acted upon, I feel it my duty to address
a few

a few words to you: and I earnestly hope that what I shall say, will be received by you with that humble and contrite disposition, befitting men in your awful and unhappy situation. You have all, in a peculiar, and, perhaps, unprecedented degree, experienced the mildness and perfection of those laws, and the moderation of that government, against which you had arrayed yourselves. You who have aggravated the foul crime of rebellion by barbarities unheard of, and a ferocity that covers your country with shame; you who would have deluged this metropolis with blood, and hurried thousands of your unoffending fellow-creatures, without a moment's preparation, into the presence of their Maker; you who were inaccessible to the slightest feeling of compunction; who rejected from your hard hearts every impression of humanity; and whose savage rage was but heightened by the voice of imploring goodness and virtue; you who stifled that voice in its own sacred blood, and answered the calls of mercy with innumerable wounds; even you, in the operation of the law, have been taken under its protection—exposed to no vindictive feeling—hurried by no angry impulse of Justice, you have had that calm consideration yielded to you, and that time for reflection and preparation which you refused to some of the best men which your afflicted country could boast of. Justice has taken a temperate and dignified course, and the laws of the land, secure in their strength, and despising the impotent assaults of a profligate rabble, have not found it necessary to quicken their pace in order to overtake your crimes. All the forms, all the advantages of Justice have been yours; and, after a full and patient investigation, you have been convicted in the clearest manner by that deliberate judg-

ment of your peers, that proud bulwark of civil liberty which is peculiarly the possession of these countries, and which you would have overthrown, and buried in the ruins of social security and order.

“ Wretched infatuated men! what could you have hoped even from the success of your treason—but still less how could it, by any delusion of the human mind, by any perversion of common sense, have once entered into your heads that you could have been successful? How could the most sanguine among you have calculated on any other result than what has followed? But now, when too late for you, though not for such as have hitherto escaped your delusions and your crimes, you are fatally convinced of the idiot folly, as well as flagrant wickedness of your attempt. Two Lieutenants of the army, with two small parties under their command, defeated all your force, and scattered you like chaff before the wind; and so will it ever be, should there remain within this land any so foolish, so wicked, and so uninstructed of the past as to meditate or attempt future insurrection. Those gallant men have earned well of their country—they have rendered most essential service to the public—nay, even you are indebted to them, for their bravery has abridged the extent of your crimes; it has prevented you from adding to the dreadful murders which weigh upon your guilty spirits; and while the effusion of loyal blood has been saved, those who might have been forced or seduced by your example into a participation of your offence, have been spared from certain destruction, and live to partake, with those who better deserve them, the blessings of our admirable and protecting constitution. If you are in that

frame of mind becoming your situation, you will feel it an inestimable advantage that you did not meet in the midst of your rebellion, that instant punishment which befel many of your associates; you have lived to fall under the law, and to reflect upon your crimes; you have lived to illustrate the splendid principles of the constitution which you would have overturned. Vain fancy! supported as that Constitution is by the armed strength, the loyalty, the affections of the country—sustained by all that is virtuous, and only attacked by all that is vicious. You have found that the mischiefs which our mortal enemy had prepared for us have fallen upon his instruments; and you, unfortunate men, have been acting under the orders of that enemy without knowing it; you have lived to find that the admirable and excellent order of things which you would have destroyed, has been the care of a vigilant Providence, and you will soon be better informed that what God's providence protects, man cannot injure. You have seen that, notwithstanding the horrors of that guilty night which could not veil your deeds from the eye of justice, and however calamitous those savage murders which every good man mourns, yet have they been productive of the greatest good—you find that they have thickened the ranks of loyalty, and aroused all the virtuous energies of the country, so that it can securely set at defiance that impious enemy of which you were the monstrous instruments; and I tell you, and I tell the auditory who hear me, that all such attempts to alarm or distract this country will defeat the wicked purpose which is intended, make the ranks of honour full, and assist but the more firmly to establish the throne of our

Sovereign, and the safety and happiness of his people.

“While discharging that duty which justice and the public welfare imposes, I cannot but lament the misfortune of you who have been led into your present situation by the seduction of others; for those seducers the same feelings cannot be excited; and while a general commiseration embraces you all, it cannot but be peculiarly distressing to see two young men among you, Donnelly and Tyrrell, so lost to the best principles of our nature, and to the influences of morality and religion, as to begin their career of life with wantonly and cruelly depriving other and innocent men of existence, and plunging into the most dreadful and savage scenes of blood and massacre.

But even in the worst crimes, there may be a distinction of guilt and enormity, arising out of the degrees of obligation attaching to those by whom they may have been committed; and considered thus, you John Hayes, have your offence grievously aggravated; you served your king in a regiment of militia; for several years, you eat the bread of the public, and ought, therefore, to have been one of the last to turn your arms against your Sovereign. You further appear to have thrust, with your own hand, a pike into the heart of a man, whom, your having once been a soldier, should have led you to protect—you who knew the soldier's duty and the soldier's worth, were among the foremost, basely and cowardly, to put a gallant soldier, alone and unaided to death! But, it is to the glory of the soldier—it is a distinction of which they ought to be proud, that you directed your peculiar enmity against them, because you and all your wicked associates well know, that the bravery

bravery, discipline, and loyalty of His Majesty's troops, must ever defeat your rebellious designs, and that while they and a gallant yeomanry assist the Throne they love, the Constitution they revere, the Soil they were born to defend, your treasons, and the efforts of your foreign instigators, must close in disappointment and death.

To a rebellion the most base, unprovoked, and wicked in the records of human turbulence, some, or all of you, have added the most cowardly and cruel murders—and although you might have fancied yourselves shielded from discovery by the darkness and confusion of the scene, your conviction furnishes new proof that God's justice, sooner or latter, overtakes every murderer; he is converted into the instrument of self-inflicting justice; torturing memory holds to his constant view the record of his crime, and the mirror wherein are figured the monstrous shapes created by a guilty conscience; he carries a hell within him; and although the secret of his offence were confined even to his own bosom, the tortures of his soul, anticipating eternal judgment, would convince him that there is no way of enjoying happiness in this life but by treading in the paths of virtue, and obeying the ordinances of religion, love, and charity in our social intercourse, subjection to legal authority, and the fear of God, keeping us void of offence towards him and towards each other.

We are instructed by our Divine Faith in the absolute necessity of a sincere repentance of our sins here, in order to obtain grace and mercy hereafter. How terrible then must it be to quit this world in the hardihood of guilt—how lamentable is it to find unfortunate creatures sometimes going out of the world with a lie in their mouths! As

you value your eternal welfare—as you would free your immortal souls of the sin you have heaped upon them, do not imitate such an abandoned and dreadful example—though you cannot escape the consequences of your crimes in this world, for pity's sake—for your soul's sake—try to avert the punishments of eternal condemnation. You may have been told by your cruel and depraved tempters—by those men who have seduced and destroyed you, that the victims who fell beneath your remorseless fury on the night of the 23d of July, were not murdered but killed in battle—believe them not, nor suffer yourselves, at this awful moment, to be further deluded by those fallacious arguments, and destructive principles, which have caused your date of life to be cut short in this world, and would commit you to utter perdition in the next—know, unhappy men, for it should be known by all of you, that the murder of every man on that fatal night rests upon the soul of every one of you; not only those who inflicted the wounds of death with their own hands, but also they who were present, or in any manner co-operating, are guilty, to all intents and purposes, not only in the construction of the law, but in the eye of God, of every murder perpetrated on that horrid night. Shake off then the trammels of error—reject the quibbling sophistication of guilt—cast away from you that vain glory, which cannot save your memories here, nor impose upon one good or sensible man, but must bear evidence against you where truth shall be made manifest, and falsehood cannot enter. The bad, your associates in crime, know you to be guilty; the good will not believe you innocent; to what purpose, then, do you close your eyes in the darkness of guilt, and taint your

last

last breath with a deliberate and studied lie? Why will you, in that hour when grace and repentance are known to subdue the heart until then invulnerable to their power—why in that awful hour, will you heap profitless perdition upon your souls? I earnestly exhort you to use the short time allotted you in this life in reflecting seriously on all your sins, but particularly, the last great and grievous crimes for which you die—make the most ample atonement to offended society that remains in your power. In the solemn interval between this and the execution of your sentence, humble yourselves before man, and before God. Dare not to impose upon the one, for you know you cannot deceive the other—let not the consideration of any thing in this world, from which you are so soon to part, interfere with those dispositions which alone can prepare you for that to which you are going—that your repentance may be effectual, let it be sincere and full, and unqualified—nor render it an additional charge upon your souls, by the frauds of subterfuge and reservation.—I have fulfilled my duty in endeavouring to point out your's, and it is, at this moment, my most anxious and heart-felt prayer, that you may reconcile yourselves to your offended God, by devoting what is left you of a perishable world in cultivating that grace and repentance which alone can fit you for the blessings of eternal life.

Extract from the SPEECH of Mr. CURRAN, on the trial of Owen Kirwans in Ireland, for High Treason.

IT is clear there are but two modes of holding States, or the Members of the same State, together, namely com-

munity of interest or predominance of force; the former is the natural bond of the British empire; their interest their hopes, their danger, can be no other than one and the same, if they are not stupidly blind to their own situation; and stupidly blind indeed must they be, and justly must they incur the inevitable consequence of that blindness and stupidity, if they have not fortitude and magnanimity enough to lay aside those mean and narrow jealousies, which have hitherto prevented that community of interest and unity of effort, by which alone we can stand, and without which we must fall. But force only can hold the acquisitions of the FRENCH CONSUL; what community of interest can he have with the different nations that he has subdued and plundered: Clearly none. Can he venture to establish any regular and protected system of religion amongst them? Wherever he erected an altar, he would set up a monument of condemnation and reproach, upon those wild and fantastic speculations, which he is pleased to dignify with the name of Philosophy, but which other men, perhaps, because they are endowed with a less aspiring intellect, conceive to be a desperate, anarchical Atheism, giving to every man a dispensing power for the gratification of his passions, teaching him that he may be a rebel to his conscience with advantage, and to his God with impunity. Just as soon would the Government of Britain venture to display the Crescent in their Churches, as an honorary member of all faiths to shew any reverence to the Cross in his dominions. Apply the same reasoning to liberty;—can he venture to give any reasonable portion of it to his subjects at home, or his vassals abroad? The answer is obvious; sustained merely by military force, his unavoidable policy is to make the Army every

every thing, and the People nothing?

If he ventured to elevate his soldiers into citizens, and his wretched subjects into freemen, he would form a confederacy of mutual interest between both, against which he could not exist a moment. If he relaxed in like manner with Holland, or Belgium, or Switzerland, or Italy, and withdrew his armies from them, he would excite and make them capable of instant revolt. There is one circumstance which just leaves it possible for him not to chain them down still more rigorously than he has done, and that is the facility with which he can pour military reinforcements upon them in case of necessity. But destitute as he is of a marine, he could look to no such resource with respect to any insular acquisition, and of course he should guard against the possibility of danger by so complete and merciless a thralldom as would make any effort of resistance physically impossible. His conduct must be so swayed by the permanent pressure of his situation, by the controul of an unchangeable and inexorable necessity, that he cannot dare to relax or relent, without becoming the certain victim of his own humanity of contrition. I may be asked, are these merely my own speculations, or have others in Ireland adopted them; I answer freely, *non meus hic sermo est*. It is, to my own knowledge, the result of serious reflection in numbers of our countrymen. In the storm of arbitrary sway, in the distraction of torture and suffering, the human mind had lost its poise and its tone, and was incapable of sober reflection; but by removing these terrors from it, by holding an even hand between all parties, by disdaining the patronage of any sect or faction, the people of Ireland were left at liberty to consider her real situation and interest, and happily

for herself. I trust in God, she has availed herself of the opportunity.— With respect to the higher orders even of those who thought they had some cause to complain, I know this to be the fact, they are not so blind as not to see the difference between being proud and jealous, and punctilious in any claim of privilege or right between themselves and their fellow subjects, and the mad and desperate depravity of seeking the redress of any dissatisfaction, that they may feel by an appeal to force, or to the dreadful recourse to treason and to blood.

As to the humbler orders of our people, for whom I confess I feel the greatest sympathy, because there are more of them to be undone, and because, from want of education, they must be more liable to delusion; I am satisfied the topics to which I have adverted, apply with still greater force to them than to those who are raised above them. I have not the same opportunity of knowing their actual opinions; but if those opinions be other than I think they ought to be, would to God they were present in this place, or that I had the opportunity of going into their cottages, and they well know I should not disdain to visit them, and to speak to them the language of affection and candour; I should have little difficulty in shewing to their quick and apprehensive minds, how easily it is, when the heart is incensed, to confound the evils which are inseparable from the destiny of imperfect man, with those which arise from the faults or errors of his political situation; I would put a few questions to their candid and unadulterated sense; I would ask them, do you think that you have made no advance to civil prosperity within the last twenty years?—Are your opinions of modern and subjugated France the

same

same that you entertained of popular and revolutionary France fourteen years ago? Have you any hope that if the First Consul got possession of your island, he would treat you half so well as he does those countries at his door, whom he must respect more than he can respect or regard you? And do you know how he treats those unhappy nations? You know that in Ireland there is little personal wealth to plunder—that there are few churches to rob. Can you then doubt that he would reward his rapacious Generals and Soldiers by parcelling out the soil of the island among them, and by dividing you into lots of serfs to till the respective lands to which they belonged? Can you suppose that the perfidy and treason of surrendering your country to an invader, would to your new master be any pledge of your allegiance? Can you suppose, that while a single French soldier was willing to accept an acre of Irish ground, that he would leave that acre in the possession of a man, who had shewn himself so wickedly and so stupidly dead to the suggestions of the most obvious interest, and to the ties of the most imperious moral obligations? What do you look forward to with respect to the aggrandisement of your sect? Are you Protestants? He has abolished Protestants with Christianity. Are you Catholics? Do you think he will raise you to the level of the Pope? Perhaps, and I think he would not—but if he did, could you hope more privilege that he has left his Holiness? and what privilege has he left him? He has reduced his religion to be a mendicant for contemptuous toleration, and he has reduced his person to beggary and to rags. Let me ask you a further question—Do you think he would feel any kind-hearted sympathy for you? Answer yourselves by asking

—what sympathy does he feel for Frenchmen, whom he is ready by thousands to bury in the ocean, in the barbarous gambling of his wild ambition? What sympathy then could bind him to you? He is not your countryman—the scene of your birth and your childhood is not endeared to his heart by the reflection, that it was also the scene of his. He is not your fellow Christian—he is not, therefore, bound to you by any similarity of duty in this world, or by any union of hope beyond the grave. What then could you suppose the object of his visit, or the consequence of his success? Can you be so foolish as not to see that he would use you as slaves, while he held you? and that when he grew weary, which he soon would become of such a worthless and precarious possession, he would carry you to market in some treaty of peace, barter you for some more valuable concession, and surrender you, to expiate by your punishment and degradation, the advantage you had given him by your follies and your crimes.

ADDRESS TO BRITONS.

By MR. B. ARKLE OF LIVERPOOL.

"Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms,
When I behold a Gallic host agree
To fetter Freedom and crush Liberty—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart."

BRITONS attend—your Country calls—it is not the voice of despair—it is the trumpet of glory. Mark the heroism of former times—contemplate the genius, and imbibe the spirit of
Ancient

Ancient Rome. When mistress of the world and giving laws to mankind, this was the motto of her gallant and warlike sons :

" Life has no charms, nor any terrors fate, if Rome and glory call."

Such was the language of a people who loved their country to enthusiasm, and these, I trust, are the sentiments which at this time animate and inspire every British bosom.

You are told by a perfidious and restless foe, that the dawn is overcast, that the great the important day, big with the fate of freedom and of Britain, is at hand—that the time in which she is to perish in the struggle draws nigh, when the sun of her glory shall be set, her consequence in the scale of nations destroyed, and her very name extinguished for ever.

Such are the mighty boasts of the Corsican Ajax, master of the Mamalukes of Egypt, and of the seven-fold shield of France!—**BONAPARTE**, the usurper, turbulent and faithless, who has neither reverence for God, nor pity for mankind, has threatened to deprive you of every blessing, and to exterminate yourselves and your children with the sword. If my words have no weight, learn part of the history of this implacable tyrant: On his landing in Egypt, he attempted to conciliate the affections of the natives, by vilifying and degrading the Christian Religion—that Religion which has brought peace and happiness to millions, and on which we rest for our salvation—that Religion, whose influences, were they to terminate with life, it would be highly profitable for mankind to cultivate.

At Jaffa he caused 4000 Turks, who had taken refuge in a temple, to be brought out and butchered by the French soldiery, the bloody tyrant

feasting his eyes on the horrid spectacle.

From such instances of irreligion and cruelty, let us learn what we may expect. On England he has set his eye, and on England he wishes to fasten his fangs. He has sworn by the goddess of reason, and he has commanded his Cardinals to pray.

At the rage of the tyrant, Britons be not dismayed, and as his Cardinals pray from *compulsion*, you have very little to fear. The desponding Trojans of old exclaimed, they *had been* Trojans, but were so no more!

BRITONS we are, and **BRITONS** we will be. Shall I call to your remembrance the chosen few, who, with **LEONIDAS** their magnanimous leader, gloriously fell at the pass of Thermopylae in defence of their country? It was a tyrant who roused their indignation, and to curb his ambition they sacrificed their lives. It was there they sealed the love of their country with their blood, and on that spot they immortalized their names. But why go abroad to find heroes worthy your imitation, when so many illustrious examples are recorded in the history of Britain. How often has the same foe who now threatens our destruction, been assailed in his own country with signal success, and compelled to yield! Look back on the battles of Poitiers, of Agincourt, and of Cressy! A handful of Britons rendered for ever illustrious by their valour! O **WARWICK**, and **TALBOT**, how dear to your country! Have you, my countrymen, forgotten Elizabeth's reign? Have you forgotten the swelling words and gigantic preparations of proud Spain? The face of the deep was covered—the ocean groaned under her mighty fleet, **THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA**! But how soon

laid

laid waste. "Let not him that putteth on his armour boast as he who putteth it off." Shall we forget the signal goodness of Providence, and those gallant sons of Britain who were instruments in his hand, to chastise the proud and insulting foe? Shall we forget a **DRAKE**, who made our happy Island **MISTRESS** of the deep, and bore her name in thunder round the world? What laurels were torn from the French, by the illustrious **MARLBOROUGH**, to adorn the brows, and encircle the temples of British Heroes! Shall the gallant **WOLFE**, the British **Epaminondas** escape our observation, and not live in our memory? His temples are covered with laurels that shall never fade—O how I venerate his ashes!—But let us come down to modern times, and examine if the courage of our countrymen be degenerated, if our soldiers and sailors be honourable without the stamp of merit, or our dignities undeserved. From such an examination we have nothing to fear. The achievements of our ancestors, although great and splendid, would evidently lose by a comparison with those of modern times. Tell me, ye who love your country, and whose hearts beat high in her cause, if there be in the annals of the world an achievement more splendid in its nature, or more honourable to the British name than that of recent date, performed by your countryman, **SIR SIDNEY SMITH**, and his gallant combatants at the siege of **St. John D'Acre**. Never was British valour more conspicuously displayed, and never was triumph more complete. A British Hero, with a handful of marines, supported by a regiment of effeminate and undisciplined Turks, held out a siege of more than sixty days, in a place little fortified, either by nature or by art, against

the veteran legions of France—nay, the very flower of her army, with her most Popular General at their head, and at last compelled them to retire, vanquished and covered with disgrace. Here is a trophy more brilliant than any furnished either by ancient or modern history. Mark the discomfiture of the mighty **CONSUL**! Of him with whom we have now to contend, and who, till that hour, had made his boast, *that thrice* he routed all his foes, and *thrice* had killed the slain.

But in what language shall I introduce to your notice a Hero and Statesman, who is the ornament of his country and the delight of mankind. Whose life has been one series of services to Britain, and whose actions are at once, dignified, virtuous, and splendid. Serene in the midst of danger, calm and collected in the rage of battle; the resources of his mind are adequate to every change in the scale, and to every turn of fortune, equally qualified to give counsel in the senate, or inspire courage in the field; even in misfortune commanding our esteem and admiration—In victory modest, temperate, and humane—Such is the character of the **NOBLE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS**. His conduct in the East Indies merits the warmest panegyric, and in Ireland his services will never be forgotten.

"Fama Marcelli ut luna inter minores."

The great Earl of **CHATHAM**, at whose eloquence and wisdom all Europe stood astonished, said he had sought men to fight the battles of his country, and he found them in the mountains of the North. Sweet be thy repose, O **ABERCROMBIE**, descendant of **Fingal**! born to serve thy country, to bleed, nay to die in her cause. Thy handful was opposed to

an

an host—but such was thy name that it inspired thine own with courage to perform prodigies of valour, and to tear the standards from troops flushed with victory—troops who had vainly styled themselves **THE INVINCIBLE**. Long, long shall the sons of Morven lament thy fall! and never shall thy country forget to applaud. Like the heroes of Mantinea and Quebec, beloved and honoured in life—Like them too, fallen in the field of glory, thy country weeps over thy *ashes*. Suffice it to say—that the names of **NELSON, DUNCAN, HOWE, ST. VINCENT, HOOD, &c. &c.** will be transmitted with honour to posterity. Wherever they have carried their arms they have distinguished themselves, and added fresh lustre to the British name. They have disputed the palm of merit with the greatest heroes of antiquity, and covered their country with laurels, which neither envy can blast nor time destroy. The characters I have here presented to your view are confessedly illustrious; I conjure you, therefore, my countrymen, seriously to consider from whom you are descended—from ancestors ennobled by their matchless achievements, from a race of men who have never either sullied the honour or tarnished the glory of **BRITAIN**. To you, the guardians of this island, they have transmitted and bequeathed every manly virtue, a glowing patriotism, a sacred love of liberty, honour unstained, faith inviolate, and reverence for Religion, the cement by which mankind are held together, and the very essence of all social order in the world. What island has ever been so highly favoured of Heaven; The Gospel preached in simplicity and purity—no fetters on the mind—the conscience at liberty—laws

framed by the 'aggregate' wisdom of ages, impartially executed, justice tempered with mercy, the security of the cottage equal to that of the palace—Honour and reward wherever merit is conspicuous, and a **KING** the pattern of every virtue.

“O fortunatos, nimium sua si bona norint, Agricolas!”

O happy people did you but know your own felicity. These are blessings and privileges which I consider as your birth-right, which you have sworn to guard and convey down, unimpaired to your posterity, with pure and undiminished lustre—convinced that one day of virtuous liberty is worth an eternity of bondage.

The tyrant has reviewed his troops.—Your courage increases with your danger.—In hostile array he approaches the banks of the **RUBICON** preparing to pass.—But you are resting on your arms on the opposite shores, ready to conquer or to die.

“Aut vincendum aut moriendum.”

Armed with resolution, animated with a love of liberty, and aspiring after true glory, you are prepared for every event, dead or alive to be renowned, and to stand or fall with **BRITAIN**. Unterrified at the swelling words of the outrageous despot, you challenge him and his robbers to battle. You burn to enter the lists; and to convince the **CORSICAN GRESLER**, that in every British rank he shall meet with a **WILLIAM TELL**. You are determined to bring down the lofty looks of the arch-tyrant, of this Colossus, who bestrides Europe, and enslaves her sons; and to convince him that some British-arm shall reach his heart, and rid the world from Bondage.

THE PATRIOT.

An Address to the People of GREAT BRITAIN, by the Editor of the Manchester Telegraph.

THE storm which for some time past has been gathering over our heads daily assumes a more gloomy aspect, and requires all the energies we possess as Britons, Freemen and Patriots, to guard against its fury and avert its effects. We are menaced by an enemy whose power and resources are truly formidable; an insurrection, like a volcano, has burst forth in one of the capitals of the empire; and yet we do not seem fully awake to the dangers and difficulties that surround us. I repeat, we do not seem fully awake; for if we were, all considerations but those of defending our King, Country, Wives and Children, and punishing the aggressions of our internal as well as external foes, with promptitude, would be laid aside. It is in our power to prove to the world at once, by a sudden effort of British courage, that Old England *can* stand, *will* stand (by the blessing of Omnipotence) against the united attempts of the whole world.

It may be said, Is not the country arming as fast as possible? Are we not forming corps in every town to act, in case of invasion, in any part of the empire? Admitted. Great praise is due to the promoters and members of such valuable bodies. But there must be something more done before any signal example can be manifested to the world, that we are determined, to a man, to stand or fall with our insulted country, and maintain those blessings which, once lost, will never more return.

To you, ye rich! do I now particularly address myself. Consider well the crisis, at which you are arrived! Remember that the misfortunes of a rival

State are in a great measure owing to the refusal of the higher classes to supply funds, to keep the wheels of Government in motion; that by not granting a *little* they have lost *all*, and are now miserably wandering, like the seed of Abraham, in every quarter of the habitable globe. Pour forth your treasures into the coffers of the State! give that vigour to the arm of Government, by your *voluntary contributions*, on which, in great measure, you must rely for safety; and place yourselves at the head of the strong and faithful cultivators of your fields, your artizans and mechanics, who would be proud and happy to shed their last blood in protecting their benefactors and homes.

In no nation does example act more forcibly than in Britain, on all ranks. The criterion of public manners is formed by the nobility and gentry, and in general the middling classes become their imitators, even in folly and vice. Our bankrupt lists are increased by attempts at luxury and vain shew, and the social virtues are too often sacrificed to mistaken notions of honour and right.

In proportion as religion and morality lose ground, the bonds of society are slackened; and if the false and delusive philosophy of the new school be not counteracted by the most active exertions of the professors of our holy faith, it is impossible to imagine what evil effects may shortly ensue.

In times like the present, extravagance of every sort, must tend to weaken the state, and luxury must unnerve the arm that should be raised in the country's defence. If our race-courses were covered with tents, they would at this moment have a more becoming appearance than the white direction-posts, which often serve to point the way to individual ruin and national disgrace;

disgrace; and public breakfasts, routs, galas, with the long catalogue of fashionable amusements, might be changed with effect to public exhibitions of military skill, which in former times our gentry were eager to acquire.

Fortunately, we have many illustrious characters among us whose private virtues reflect honor on the British name, and, whose public life in great measure helps to lop off the too luxuriant branches of modish infatuation.

You! mechanics, labourers, and servants of every description! are living in a land particularly favored by the Almighty in every thing immediately relating to yourselves. The peer of the realm, as well as the merchant, contributes to your happiness and welfare. The wisdom of Parliament and the power of the Crown ensure you trade, and the merchant wafts the produce of your industry to every region under heaven. Compare your situation with that of others in the same occupations in foreign countries. The mechanic there, unsupplied with work, drags on a wretched existence, without that nourishment which nature absolutely requires; the peasant, earning two-pence a day, retires to his comfortless hut, after fourteen hours of toil, unable to administer to the wants of his wife and little ones; he knows not the comforts of a cheerful fire-side, nor even feels within his breast the genial warmth of independence, unalloyed by the qualms of hunger or the iron hand of oppression. The domestic there receives not from his master the cheering reward of attachment;—as a vassal his services are demanded, but never asked.

How different the scene with us! In Britain every man is a lord, and every

lord is but a man. Our mechanics earn as much *per annum* as most of the Corsican nobility* can afford to spend in the same time; their homes well garnished even with the comforts and even superfluities of life, and their children in great manner well educated at the public expence. Our peasants, after a few hours labour, partake of the wholesome produce of a generous soil, and, at close of day, with their garments throw off the cares and anxieties of a busy world. Our domestics are free and well paid; and the lowest subject is under the protection of the law as much as the proudest nobleman in his Majesty's dominions.

Need it then be enquired, what have the poor to defend? Comparatively with other nations, there are no poor here. Industry with us is rewarded with Independence. Our interests are so ably combined, that whatever event may happen to ruin the higher classes, will involve the rest of the kingdom in the most abject state of vassalage and dependence. Were the French to succeed in their attempts on this country, their first object would be to burn our navy in the ports, and annihilate our trade. The name of Great Britain would soon be forgotten among the nations of the earth; and we should be left to retire within the dreary ruins of our once cheerful dwellings, unpitied and deserted by the world, which now we hold in awe.

Rouse then now, or your future exertions will be ineffectual! rally round the standard of your Sovereign! raise altars in your market places, to receive the vows of every man, to live or die in the good cause! and let places be open to receive the patriotic gifts of

* A Nobleman of Corsica would consider himself rich with 100*l.* per annum. Bonaparte, who, it is said, was of a noble family, lived, previously to his elevation, on much less than the earnings of a journeyman Printer in England.

every description of persons, for the service of the state! We have seen Enthusiasm exhibited to its full extent in this country more than once; and shall we want it now, when we have a foe to repel who would trample upon our holy altars, and subvert all order and decency, whether temporal or divine? Gird on the armour of patriotism, and when Bonaparte with his hosts shall arrive, let him find

"But Man and Steel, the Soldier and his Sword!"

Let him find us ready at our posts, determined to perish nobly, or drive him back to his own shores (if he can escape the vigilance of our brave tars), there to receive the reward of unprincipled ambition and matchless tyranny;—for surely even Frenchmen would no longer suffer their pigmy monarch to grind them with impunity. The hopes of France are raised with the idea of pillaging England; but those once lost, her haggard legions would turn upon their deceivers, and destroy the power that holds them in bondage. Fain would I dwell longer on this subject; fain would I continue till the flame of enthusiasm blazed forth in all that splendor and majesty which distinguished the days of Alfred; till I saw, in armed strength, the deep phalanx of citizens ready to attack the foe even on his own shores, and, making a rampart of their hearts, shield their beloved Sovereign and country from the rude assaults of ruthless barbarians, who would plunge the sword into the fair bosoms of helpless females and defenceless children; who would trample under foot our luxuriant fields, our rich harvests, our manufactures, the fruits of our unexampled ingenuity and industry, and leave all that survived of us in a dreary waste, too miserable and too

wretched (in the words of one of the vilest minions† of Bonaparte) *for even Englishmen to desire to remain in.*

Britons! feel ye not your indignation rise, and your energies increase? Is it thus we are to be braved by miscreant bands, whom to crush requires but the full display of our courage! England! my country! the day that admits a tyrant upon thy shores, should be the last of him or of all thy bravest sons.

May the divine Being, without whose aid our most strenuous efforts will naught avail, extend His protection over our land! With a firm reliance on Him, and steeling our breasts with manly fortitude, we may "hear the winds roar and the big torrent burst," and, in the storm that brings the enemy to our shore, we may lay prostrate the colossal power of sanguinary Gaul, and hold up its mutilated form to the astonished gaze of admiring Europe, by us relieved from the galling chains which her own pusillanimity had so firmly rivetted.

"O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol—Activity, untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
The first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design."

THOUGHTS

ON THE INVASION,

*From the Morning Post of July 5,
1803.*

IF it were not for the language which is so often heard in society, it might seem perfectly absurd to labour the proof that Bonaparte will attempt in-

† Massena.

vasion. Those who still profess to doubt it, must either be so stupid as to be beyond the reach of argument, or they must affect such doubts for purposes which they will not choose to avow, unless he be successful. His refusal to suffer the neutrality of Holland, is the most decided proof of his intention. That unhappy country will afford him no assistance but in a war of invasion. Her ports are convenient for the attack of the most defenceless part of this country. Her shipping are of a kind adapted to such expeditions. It is not that he can be supposed to feel any compassion for that wretched Republic, of which the war will complete the ruin. He is far above such weaknesses. But on any other system than that of invasion, Holland, increasing her wealth by commerce, would afford much more substantial aid than she can do in war. He has accordingly allowed Spain to continue neutral, that he may reap the fruits of her American mines, because Spain has no coasts commodiously situated for the invasion of Great Britain. An invasion is in truth his only effectual means of hostility. On the Continent he has done his worst against this country. In India and America he can do little more than create some temporary mischief. England alone is the theatre of war, on which he can hope real harm to his enemy. He cannot engage in that final contest with Russia, for the empire of the world, which his gigantic ambition already contemplates, unless he can deliver himself from England, which hangs on his rear; and if he could add the fleet of Great Britain to his own army, the empire of the world would cease to be a chimera. No region of the globe, from Pekin to Philadelphia, would then be safe from his banditti. —He has the bitter hatred of baffled

rage against the only country which has braved his threats and spurned his dictates. He has the hatred of jealous despotism against the only free people whose example can ever animate his slaves to throw off his yoke. He has the hatred of mortified pride against the only people which dares to discuss his conduct, and to trace his bloody career from his massacre of the municipality of Pavia to his poisoning of his own wounded at Jaffa. He has the hatred of a robber who has plotted to enslave the whole earth against the nation which at least imprisons his plunderers in Europe. He has the hatred of a military barbarian for that nation, which, above all others, flourishes in the peaceable and useful arts of civilised life. He looks on us with the barbarous spite of Attila and Alaric, those "Scourges of God," whose successor and rival he is. Indeed the scale as well as character of his ambition is barbaric. It is to be matched only among these destroyers of the world. It is much too vast for the puny notions of European aggrandisement. He, who could talk of Switzerland and Piedmont, as "two trifles," and of Egypt, as what he meant to have, but was in no hurry about, must have a standard of ambition, in comparison with which Louis XIV. was only a robber of hen-roosts.—All the motives of hatred receive great additional force from the personal temper of the man.—His original character, compounded of Italian cunning, with the ferocity of the half-barbarous race from which he springs, strengthened in a recluse, a monkish youth, by the contemplation of the hardest parts of science, and by those wild and dark productions of fancy to which his gloomy mind was naturally attracted, fermented by a few crude notions of antient republicanism, which he imbibed during

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his scanty education, enflamed by all the scenes of rapine and blood, in which he has been a principal actor for the last ten years, has been wrought to a pitch of phrenzy by this sudden elevation to unbounded and irresistible power. He has lived in an age in which nothing can any longer be considered as improbable.—His own past history is more wonderful than any thing that he can effect in future. It was infinitely more improbable that a Corsican charity-schoolboy should be placed on the throne of Charlemagne than it now can be that the despotic master of the greatest part of Europe should become the master of the world. "All that is difficult and all that is dire" have become child's play to his imagination. His fierce passions, which submit with the greatest impatience to the common decencies of civilised life, are inflamed to ungovernable madness by the restraint which he must sometimes impose on them. He adopts only enough of the arts and manners of civilization to cheat. He retains enough of his native barbarism to destroy. In short he is the *murderer of Jaffa*!—To all this distempered and malignant ambition, he adds that stern pride which is its natural companion, and which has been copiously nourished by the cowardice of that base age which he is doubtless employed by the justice of Heaven to punish. He has pledged himself to invade England, and he has never yet failed to redeem a pledge of mischief. The vow of enmity to mankind, which resounded through Pandemonium, was not more irrevocable than his vows of destruction. As to the danger of invasion, his whole life has been that of a desperate gambler accustomed to stake his existence upon a single cast. Indeed he cannot retreat. He has held out the plunder of England! Good God! What words!

Into what times are we fallen when an insolent tyrant dares to utter them! But out these words have flown, he cannot recall them. It is but too true that he has represented us to his barbarians a race of rich cowards who offer an easy booty! It is but too true that they solicit employment in the army of England as an easy and almost bloodless road to an immense fortune! It is but too true that they dare to look on this great and gallant nation as a race of effeminate Asiatic slaves! An Englishman cannot speak of such execrable insolence without feeling his blood boil in his veins. And if any man bearing that honourable name can read of it without burning with impatience to inflict the most signal punishment on the insolent barbarians, and to wash out such an intolerable affront in their blood, may the infamous dastard be accursed to the last generations of mankind!—In one word, his policy leads him to attempt invasion, his furious passions goad him to it, his public pledges compel him to it.—The chances are not so much against his being able to land as he said they were, nor did he believe what he said. But the chances are, no doubt, considerably against a landing. So are the chances, in any single evening, against a man being robbed on Hounslow-heath. But the man would certainly be mad, who, if he were obliged to travel on that road, and to carry his whole fortune with him, did not prepare himself for an attack, and in every respect act as if he were sure of being attacked. It is childish to talk of guarding every point of such a sea, and of such a coast. The navy of England is the bravest and greatest that ever rode the ocean. But it cannot work miracles. Whatever depends on the winds and waves must be matter of chance. It is worse than childish to encourage a nation to trust

her

her existence to chance, when it may be secured by valour. Those who prate of our safety behind wooden walls, are either drivellers, whose idiot chatter ought to be silenced at so serious a moment; or they are traitors, who sing the lullaby of death to the people. —

There is not, there never was, there never will be, there never can be, any safety for the people of England, but in their own right arms. They are lost, if they do not act, as if there were a bridge from Calais to Dover. If there were, England could not be conquered, unless her people were as base cowards, as the tyrant dares to call them. If the conquerors of Cressy, of Blenheim, of Acre, of Alexandria, are content to pass for cowards; if they confirm by their baseness, all that the tyrant has said of them to his slaves; if our soldiers, our peasants, our yeomen, our manufacturers, be willing to surrender the whole of the national spirit to our sailors; if Englishmen be such dastards, that they tremble to handle a musket on shore, and dare not face an enemy without the advantage of superior seamanship, then they ought to know that all the forests of Scandinavia will not make wooden walls firm enough to guard them.—They, their wives, and their children, will be the slaves, the drudges, the scorn and mockery of the most hellish banditti that ever were let loose to scourge mankind. They will deserve it. They will not fall like the brave Swiss, amidst the tears and blessings of the world. They will not, like them, leave a name which will animate freemen against tyrants, as long as the globe exists. They will fall unpitied, unlamented, unrespected, like wretches, who have dared to look back on the glory of their fathers, to look in the faces of their smiling infants, and yet be cowards!—But

God forbid that the impious vows of the tyrant should be thus accomplished. —No! The hearts of Englishmen are as stout, and their arms are as strong as they were at Cressy and Blenheim! The hero of Acre will not witness such disgrace! The conquerors of Alexandria will not be the slaves of an upstart Corsican and his enslaved barbarised Frenchmen!

SPEECH

Of the DUKE OF RUTLAND, at the meeting on Stattherne Hill, near Belvoir Castle, August the 25th, 1803.

“ Friends, Neighbours, and Fellow Countrymen,

“ YOU are now assembled upon an occasion the most solemn, the most awful, and the most important that ever yet occurred, or that probably ever can again occur, to animate and to interest the feelings of Englishmen. We have been goaded and driven into the present war, by the malignant and ambitious spirit of that savage Barbarian, for to call him a *Man* were to degrade humanity) whose usurping hand now grasps the sceptre of France. His character is stained by crimes of such enormity, that at the bare recital of them the generous mind of an Englishman would recoil with horror. Pampered with the blood of thousands of his fellow creatures, having trampled upon the liberties of almost every nation in Europe, he has now directed his impious machinations towards the conquest of this free and flourishing island. The better to accomplish this favourite object, he has inflamed the passions of his brutal soldiery by the promise of rewards unknown amongst civilized nations—the unlimited pillage of the Country,

Country, and the indiscriminate massacre of its inhabitants! It is not possible to find language sufficiently descriptive of the scenes of atrocity and oppression which have uniformly attended his conquests in other countries—the poor equally with the rich have been the objects of his rapacious cruelty. They have been plundered and murdered, their wives and their daughters have been violated, and their old men and their infants have been butchered, without distinction or mercy. And yet *this* is the man who has dared to imagine the conquest of Free-born Britons! *This* is the man who has pictured to himself the possibility of contaminating these realms of genuine Liberty, by the banners of his tyrannic Despotism! *This*, lastly, is the man who has threatened to extirpate us from the Nations of the world by a mighty and overwhelming Invasion!!! And well indeed may he entertain against us the most deadly hatred. While the crooked and mistaken policy of some nations has induced them to purchase temporary security by abject submission to his domineering authority, while the weakness of other nations has exposed them an unresisting prey to his inordinate ambition, England alone has had the spirit, as she possesses the power, successfully to resist him: England alone, amidst the wreck of nations, has maintained her dignity unobscured, her power undiminished, her resources unimpaired! Already does he smart under the recollection of former defeats; *again* shall he experience the superior and irresistible energy of united Britons!

“My Friends, I wish not needlessly to alarm you, or to interrupt you without a cause in the prosecution of your peaceable pursuits; but the moment is now arrived when every exertion that

the mind can devise, or that the arm can execute, must be made to preserve our native land. In comparison with the present, all former contests appear but as a school-boy fight. The alternative now before us is, either to establish for ourselves and for our posterity the undisturbed enjoyment of happiness and of liberty, or to drag out a miserable and enslaved existence, dependent upon the will of the most arbitrary and iron-handed Tyrant that ever disgraced the human species. Under our glorious Constitution we have been *born* Freemen, we have *lived* Freemen, it remains with ourselves to determine whether we shall *continue* Freemen. The Sovereign upon his throne, the Peasant in his cottage, the palace of the Prince, and the dwelling of the poor man, are alike marked for indiscriminate plunder. Let then all ranks and classes of persons, actuated by the same impulse, unite in one determined band! Let the British Lion be thoroughly roused, and where is the Intruder who shall with impunity insult him in his den?

“Believe not, my Friends, that I preach a doctrine to you, of which I will not be the first to set an example: The British blood that flows within my veins, the British Heart that throbs within my breast, glow in perfect unison with the sentiments of my mind. There is not one single drop of blood within me that I will not most cheerfully and willingly shed in the defence and preservation of those Rights and Liberties, which, by the blessing of our inestimable Constitution, belong alike to the highest Nobleman in the land and to the meanest Peasant—are yours as well as mine! His Majesty has been graciously pleased to place me at the head of a thousand brave Leicestershire Men:—Impelled by an implicit confidence in their

their intrepidity and loyalty, I do most solemnly pledge myself to you, that when the hour of danger arrives, you shall find me most anxious to prove my professions by my actions.

"Attached, as I am, by the strongest ties, to the county of Leicester at large; admiring, as I most cordially do, the sentiments of enthusiastic Patriotism which animate every description of persons therein, I may nevertheless be permitted, without incurring the charge of partiality or prejudice, to avow my superior attachment to that particular part of it in which I live. Constantly resident among you, I have had ample opportunity of studying your dispositions; and have received the sincerest satisfaction in witnessing your steadiness, your patience, and your good conduct, during times of the most trying and unexampled difficulties. I know you to be men both loyal, good, and true; and I speak from my heart, when I assert, that there is no object so grateful to me as the advancement of your prosperity and welfare; and that it is the height of my ambition to live and die possessed of your attachment and esteem. Actuated by a knowledge of your patriotic sentiments at this crisis of danger and alarm, I have thought it my indispensable duty to give effect to those sentiments by calling you together, and proposing the formation of a Volunteer Corps of Infantry.—Having stated thus much to you, I will detain you no longer than to observe, that I place the most decided reliance upon your Loyalty and Zeal. I feel confident there is not a man among you who does not burn with eagerness and anxiety to add his individual co-operation and assistance

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in preserving this most dear country from the threatened attack of a merciless Enemy. I beseech you all to recollect, that should that Enemy, deterred by the impregnable Union of a great and powerful Nation, abandon his boasted design of Invasion, you will then have the satisfaction to think, that each and every one of you, by your firmness and determination in rallying round the Standard of Loyalty, have been instrumental in averting the general calamity. If, on the contrary, our Enemy should persevere in his hostile attempt, we shall go forth to battle under this consolatory reflection—that should we fall in the struggle, we shall perish in a cause worthy to be contended for by Englishmen—in a cause, for which the blood of our Forefathers has been cheerfully and profusely shed—in a cause, which has for its sacred object the support of a mild and beneficent Sovereign upon his throne—the maintenance of a Constitution, which has been matured, and perfected by the wisdom and experience of successive ages—and the preservation of those Rights and Privileges which are the exclusive and peculiar property of Englishmen. Should we succeed, (and who is there so pusillanimous as to doubt it), we shall confirm and establish to ourselves and to our latest posterity, for ever and for ever, an unmolested and undisturbed existence in that State, in which alone existence can be either acceptable or desirable to FREE BORN BRITONS—existence as a Nation, UNITED, HAPPY, FREE, and INDEPENDENT. The terror and the dread of our Enemies, the admiration and the glory of the Good and the Wise."

THE

THE FOLLOWING
PROCLAMATION

Addressed by BONAPARTE, to the Inhabitants of Cairo, Dec. 28, 1798, after a partial insurrection, occasioned by the exactions and cruelty of the French, furnishes a complete proof of the impiety, blasphemy, and presumption, of that illustrious Citizen, who seems deserving of his pre-eminence as FIRST CONSUL of the GREAT NATION, not more by his atheism than his crimes.

“*PERVERSE men had succeeded in misleading a party amongst you. They have perished. God has ordered me to be merciful towards the people; and I have been clement and merciful towards you. I have been incensed against you on account of your revolt—I have deprived you for two months of your Divan.—But this day I restore it to you—Your good conduct has effaced the stains of your rebellion.—Scheriss, Nlemas, Orators of the Mosques, cause the people well to understand, that those who, through any levity, shall become my enemies, shall find no refuge, either in this world or in the next—Shall there be a man so blind as not to see that all my operations are conducted by destiny? Can there be a man so incredulous as to doubt that every thing in this vast Universe is subjected to the empire of destiny?—Instruct the people, that since the world has existed, it was written, that, after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism (Mahometanism) and destroyed the Cross, I should come from the furthest part of the West to fulfil the task which was imposed upon me. Make the people see, that in the sacred book of the Koran, in more than twenty passages, that which has happened was foreseen, and that which*

shall take place has also been explained.—Let those then, whom the fear of our arms alone prevents from pronouncing imprecations upon us, now change their dispositions: for in offering prayers to heaven against us, they solicit their own condemnation.—Let the True Believers then offer their vows to heaven for the success of our arms.—I could call to account each individual amongst you for the most secret sentiments of his heart: for I know every thing—even that which you never communicated to any person.—But the day will come when all the world shall see it proved, that I am commanded by orders from above, and that all human efforts are of no avail against me.—Happy those who in good faith shall be the first to attach themselves to me,

(Signed) **BONAPARTE.”**

BONAPARTE'S ADDRESS

To his Army encamped on the plains of Calais

| | | |
|-------|------------------|--------------|
| N. B. | 1. Advance Guard | 100,000 men. |
| | 2. Centre ditto | 200,000 men. |
| | 3. Rear - - - - | 100,000 men. |
| | Total | 400,000 men. |

SOLDIERS,

BEHOLD before you that Island, see the white cliffs of Albion present themselves to your view, that Island mistress of the ocean, but soldiers, doom'd to fall before your invincible arms.

Here then, and upon her shores, must you prepare to encounter your enemies, and either conquer or die. The same fortune which has reduced us to this alternative, has placed before you the most splendid rewards of your victory.

It is not, fellow soldiers, for India and her tributary nations that we are now to contend, but for the wealth of modern Carthage, the riches of England, that she possesses from the commerce of the world and the accumulated wealth of successive ages of industry, added to the incredible spoils of the Indian world, which are offered as the recompence of your constancy.—The time is now come when at peace with all the world beside, to reap the rich harvest of your toils and conquest over so many nations, and this is the spot, that the God of battles hath marked as the utmost limits of your labours.—For I would not have you imagine that victory will prove as difficult as the name of a British war has been esteemed tremendous. Except in that name, in what can the Britons be compared to you?—To you, who have pursued your victorious course through so many warlike nations whom you have vanquished, and who are now to fight with a raw and undisciplined army, and to cope with a nation enervated by their riches, and whose only reliance has hitherto been in their victorious navy.—But soldiers, the trident of Britain must be broken by the Gallic sword upon British ground.

I will not, soldiers, compare myself to more experienced generals; but I esteem it no small advantage, that there is not one amongst you, who has not been frequent witnesses of my exploits, not one of whose achievements I myself have not been a spectator of, and that with soldiers whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general.—I shall march against an army totally strangers to one another, equally ignorant of their General, as their General is of them.

On whatever side I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and vigour.—A veteran camp Infantry, a gallant Cavalry, and allies bold and faithful.

To you, O Frenchmen, in particular I address myself, to whom grief, injuries and indignations have compelled to pour your arms on England: What insults, what injustice have we not suffered from Britain! civil war, destruction of our ports, famine, commerce annihilated and every evil that avarice could possibly inflict on a people fighting for freedom. O brave and implacable people, every thing must be your's, and at your disposal! Frenchmen the Chief Consul of the Gallic nation leads you to certain victory. Soldiers, there is nothing left us but what we can vindicate with our swords.—Advance then and be calm, and the gales of freedom will land us on their soil. The English indeed may fly, who have behind them strong holds and fortified towns, but for you there is no middle course between death and victory, let this be constantly present to your thoughts and I repeat again you are conquerors.

And O! Frenchmen, once possessed of this malignant Isle, once masters of this sordid and avaricious nation, we will colonize it as Cæsar did from our native land; we expel a perfidious race to wander over the face of the earth the scorn of the world. We will, O! Frenchmen, enjoy their riches, their power, their lands, their palaces and their women. These are the splendid rewards I promise you. No English bosom shall once again breathe British air.—her commerce, her navy, her riches shall be transferred to France. France then indeed will be mistress of the world as she will be then of the ocean!!!

A CALM ADDRESS
TO THE
PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

Friends and Fellow Countrymen,

THERE never was a period of our Country so big with awful and important circumstances as the present; circumstances that apply to persons of all ranks and descriptions; and which are urgent and imperious calls upon them, to aid the measures of government by every personal and pecuniary assistance in their power; for on those measures the present and future prosperity or adversity of our Country, the individual and domestic security, peace and comfort, or misery and ruin of every inhabitant of it depend.—Upon what principles, therefore, let me ask, are you, my Fellow-Countrymen, so apparently indifferent to these things; and so averse to unite your personal and pecuniary assistance, and to arm to repel the hostile attacks that may so soon be made upon us?—Is the security of your property, of your own and families' lives of consequence to you?—Have you no dread of the bayonet that may be plunged into your own and families' bosoms, and of the brutal lust that may propel to the violation of your wives and daughters?—Can you (and without the greatest horror) suppose, that before the bloody bayonet of the savage and merciless soldier has robbed you and your families of your lives, your wives and daughters may be a prey to their brutal lusts, and in the bitter pangs of distress, and in the excruciating agonies of despair; call upon you for rescue and relief, but which nothing but their deaths can afford; can you, I say, but even suppose that this may be the case, that this bloody, horrid, and lustful scene may be realized, and not be roused actively and strenuously to unite with

your Fellow-Countrymen to prevent it?

—That such horrid scenes have been presented in those countries which have been invaded by the rapacious, merciless, and lustful enemies, who are now active and assiduous in their exertions and preparations to invade our *present* happy land, is a melancholy and painful truth.—But I leave these sad things to your own feelings and reflections; and I proceed to consider the plea under which you shelter yourselves, and which you make your excuse for not obeying that call, which the awful and pressing circumstances of our Country make upon *every* citizen of it to arm for its defence, for the protection and preservation of one of the best of Kings, of our religious and civil rights, of our liberties, of our property and lives, in short of every thing that can be dear and valuable to us?—Your plea is your religion, that it forbids you taking up arms.—The Christian religion, I presume.—But does that religion forbid self-defence, the great and just law of nature?—How is it that you read?—The divine author of the christian religion, and those whom he commissioned to preach and to establish it in the world, do not forbid the use of arms, for just and lawful purposes; and there can be no purpose more just and lawful than self-defence.—But we will examine and see from what Christ and his Apostles said and did, whether your opinions and conduct, as *christians*, are right, —Christ, in his exhortation to Soldiers to be content with their wages, and to do no violence, evidently shews that soldiers were lawful characters, and that they were to discharge the duties of soldiers, but not to use their arms for any unlawful or inhuman purposes.—And when, as related by St. Luke, Christ asked, “What King going to war, sitteth not down first and consulteth how he

he may carry it on with advantage and success?" evidently shews us, that war, upon some occasions, was not unlawful.—And from the character of Cornelius, in the Acts of the Apostles, who we read was a soldier and devout man, we must see and acknowledge, that the religious and military character were not incompatible and inconsistent.—And it is so obvious, that it is scarcely necessary to observe, that in the Old Testament, war is both sanctioned and commanded by God himself; but I do this to shew you, both from the Old and New Testament, that war is justifiable.—I therefore now proceed to examine (for it is connected with my present subject) what, as christians, we are to observe towards the government under which we live.—Christ and his Apostles, according to the history which we have of them, teach and enforce, both by precept and example, due obedience to government.—Christ, in particular, worked a miracle to enable himself and one of his disciples to pay *Tribute*, or *Tax*, as it may be called, to the government under which they lived; not questioning how it was to be applied, but leaving the application of it to the lawful rulers of the government; who, no doubt, among other necessary public purposes, applied it towards the payment and support of that military force which was necessary for its protection and defence.—And you must recollect that the Apostles exhorted all christians to be subject to the lawful constituted authorities and powers of that government under which they lived, by due obedience to the laws, and by payment of tribute; for this reason, that those powers were ordained of God, and that those who resisted them, resisted the ordinances of God, and would be subject to condemnation, or, in other words, to punishment.—And one of

the Apostles exhorts all christians to fear God and to honour the King; and what can you suppose that fear and that honour to be, but due obedience to the divine will and commands of the one, and to the constituted laws and ordinances of the other?—I beseech you, therefore, my Fellow-Countrymen, to consider these things with that unprejudiced coolness that they deserve; and that you will no longer suffer your mistaken prejudices to prevent your uniting in arms, and your contributing, in other respects with your Fellow-Citizens, in our Country's defence.—If what I have said is just, your religious plea for not uniting with them in these respects, will perhaps be deemed impiety towards God, disaffection and disloyalty towards our Country and our King, and that peaceableness of disposition which you arrogate and profess, selfishness and a crime.—You claim, and you have the protection of government; and government, now so hostilely threatened and attacked, has a strong and just claim of assistance, in return, from you; and in that way in which it is given by other subjects of it; and it is what your Fellow-Citizens, who, with becoming readiness, submit to the heat, the burdens, and the dangers of the day, may in strict justice, require and expect.—For why, under such pressing exigencies, such awful and perilous circumstances of our Country, you should be exempt from any personal services, to which your Fellow-Countrymen are subject, cannot be satisfactorily answered or explained.—That you are exempt in any degree, is an instance of partial lenity in government towards you, that merits a most grateful return; and as you are a very opulent body, your Country has a just right to expect that you will give her a voluntary and very liberal pecuniary aid.—Recommending these things

to your serious and unprejudiced consideration, I conclude, with the hope, that you will believe, that what I have said is neither in wrath or anger, but in christian love and kindness towards you, and in loyalty and love towards our Country and our King.

I am your's,

A BRITON.

ADDRESS

Delivered to the CLERKENWELL LOYAL VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, by the Rev. RICHARD LONDON, A. M. Chaplain to the Corps; and printed at its unanimous request.

Major, and Gentlemen,

I BEG leave to assure you that I am fully sensible of the honour that has been conferred upon me by this appointment. With respect to the duties of the office to which your good opinions have raised me, I conceive them at the present momentous crisis to be placed in that awful relation as to be the means by which your public prayers and addresses are to be offered to the throne of that Almighty Being (who is able to save by a few as well as by an host of men), to protect you from the machinations of such a tyrant as scarcely ever before appeared in the world, and to draw down a blessing upon the cause in which you are engaged. With humble confidence in that Supreme Power, and in the justness of your cause, which cannot fail to interest that Power in your behalf, I can have no doubt you will be enabled to effect the purposes for which you associated, and preserve your country from the tyrannical oppressions of a foreign yoke. If, indeed, arguments were wanting to raise your ardour, which I am sensible are not, I would only, for one moment,

beg of you to compare the character of that *Usurper*, against whose unjust ambition you are to defend yourselves, with the character and the conduct of that great and good *King* to whom you have sworn a willing and a faithful allegiance. Contrast the barbarous, the cruel, the almost inhuman conduct of the one, with the mild, the gentle, the benevolent principles of the other. View the one, depopulating cities, and putting to flight the princes of their land, and behold the other making use of every act of tenderness and humanity to alleviate their sufferings, and affording them a safe asylum from his rage. View the one, the dread and the terror of the nation which he governs, and behold the other, *as he is*, a kind and indulgent father in his private life; a careful parent in his public, living, and only wishing to live, in the hearts of his people. Consider him now bending under the weight of years, and recollect, that through a long and an anxious reign, he has uniformly displayed, on a variety of occasions, his firm attachment to the constitution of his country, and to the happiness of his subjects; and I sincerely believe, that his most fervent prayers at this moment are, that he only may be permitted to live to transmit the blessings which he is sensible this country enjoys, in the possession of its laws, its liberties, and its religion, undiminished to his posterity. Compare these different and opposite characters, and connect with them, in your own minds, the *blessings*, the *happiness*, and the *privileges* you enjoy under the one, and the *miseries* you would certainly experience under the other, were he ever to *succeed* in his designs: and I am satisfied there cannot be one in this association who will immediately adopt the truly patriotic sentiments of a noble lord

lord (used indeed on another occasion), and be ready to exclaim with him, with the same heart-felt earnestness, zeal, and sincerity, "When I forsake my King (and, I might add, such a King as I have faithfully represented him to be), may my God forsake me."—May God save the King, and let all the people say, Amen.

PHANTOMS.

NEW, FANCIFUL, AND FARCICAL.

THE Public are respectfully informed that M. DE NAPOLEONE alias BUONACORSICA alias MALTA-MAD, from Germany, Italy and Egypt (where his exhibitions have had such a wonderful effect as to surprize and astonish the whole world) intends shortly to pay a visit to Old England, as he is determined to convince the inhabitants of that happy kingdom that his Phantoms are really of an unsubstantial nature, yet so curiously contrived as occasionally to deceive the most minute investigator; and as he humbly presumes he has by long practice and experience brought the art of deception to a state of perfection never before attained, he trusts his endeavours will have a proper effect on the optics of an enlightened British Nation, and meet with that encouragement and patronage for which he has ever laboured.

It is proposed by a process, hitherto unpractised, either to pinion JOHN BULL to a post—or lull him to sleep, while the manager and his myrmidons take possession of his property, ruin his family, and enslave his friends.

The whole process of this Grand Exhibition consists of Conjugation, Abjuration, Devastation, Subjugation, Magic, Hypocrisy, Falsehood, Slight of Hand, &c. but the particulars would

be too tedious to describe in a hand-bill.

Mr. De Napoleone has spared neither time, labour, nor expence, to make himself master of the Subject, and has prepared as a relaxation between the Acts, a great variety and valuable assortment of Egyptian mummies in high preservation, and well worth the inspection of the curious, every care having been taken to render them original in design and elegant in their execution—having been "killed off" expressly at the desire of the preserver, whose treatment is peculiar, and who challenges the world to produce an equal number of Men, Women, and Children, mum'd together in the earth. He has also several beautiful models of Castles, Fortresses, Picture Galleries, Libraries, Pyramids, Churches, &c. &c. the originals of which were formerly to be seen in Germany, Italy, Flanders, and Egypt, collected at a considerable expence during his excursions to those countries, where he has left lasting impressions of his abilities and his name to be transmitted to posterity.—These models he can assure the public are exact representations of the Originals which can be seen no more. He could produce several highly finished spectres of poisoned soldiers, &c. but as he fears the people of England are rather inclined to be superstitious, and might think them real, and might fancy he would shortly raise the Devil amongst them, he thinks it better to suppress such exhibitions lest they should operate to his prejudice.

The whole entertainment will conclude with a splendid PAGEANT, which M. De Napoleone would not have had represented but for the Invincible Obstinacy of the *British Beef-Eaters*, who insist on the performance of a New Piece, entitled

VOLUNTARY

VOLUNTARY LOYALTY

OR THE

UNIVERSAL SENTIMENT,

With new Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, Decorations, Embellishments and Illuminations, partly spectral, partly real.—This is expected to be the most brilliant, and by far the most general entertainment ever brought forward in Great Britain.

The Spectral part will chiefly consist of the Artist and his assistants, attended by a band of haggard Frenchmen, shouting aloud "Vive la Republique," floating towards the Empire of Great Britain in flat-bottomed boats—as they approach near the shore they will change their tune to "Cá ira," when a tremendous salute from a British battery, will convey to them an idea of the harmony that prevails in an old established tune called "Britons never will be slaves." The flat-bottomed boats will now be seen stragling in all directions, and while the numerous bands on shore are shouting, "Britons strike home, revenge your Country's wrongs," numbers will be seen proving that "Britons but conquer to save." After this their appearance will be very short, and only those who can obtain front situations on our shores will be able to understand the intention of the spectacle, as it is supposed the greater part will vanish into the sea, only to be called again into action by that gigantic Demon mentioned by Milton, who made

"Hell tremble as he strode"

N. B. The Phraseology of the latter part of this Bill is not perfectly agreeable to the sentiments of "Mr. D. Napoleone," yet as he is at present distressed both for time and money, he is willing that it should remain unaltered.

DAYS OF YORE.

ABOUT the year of Christ 100, when the Romans and their followers had conquered a great part of this Island, and were committing every kind of ravage, devastation, and spoil, GAGACUS, a Caledonian general, raised a considerable army of natives, with the laudable determination of driving the Invaders from his Country, and before a battle, that was to give his countrymen liberty, addressed them as follows:

"When I reflect on the causes of the war, and the circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion that our united efforts on the present day will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debased by slavery; and we have no prospect of a secure retreat behind us, either by land or sea, whilst the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been fought with various success against the Romans, the resources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the noblest inhabitants of Britain, and therefore stationed in its deepest recesses, far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the furthest limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the obscurity of our situation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of these invaders it will be in vain to encounter by obsequiousness and submission. These plunderers

plunderers of the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean; stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor: unsatiated by the East and by the West; the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

“ Our children and relations are, by the appointment of nature, rendered the dearest of all things to us. These are torn away by levies to foreign servitude. Our wives and sisters, though they should escape the violation of hostile force, are polluted under the names of friendship and hospitality. Our estates and possessions are consumed in tributes; our grain in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down amidst stripes and insults, in clearing wolds and draining marshes. Wretches born to slavery are first bought, and afterwards fed by their masters: Britain continually buys, continually feeds her own servitude. And as among domestic slaves every new-comer serves for the scorn and derision of his fellows; so, in this ancient household of the world, we, as the last and vilest, are sought out for destruction. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preserve us for our labours; and our valour and unsubmitting spirit will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious masters; while the very remoteness and secrecy of our situation, in proportion as it conduces to security, will tend to inspire suspicion. Since then all hopes of forgiveness are vain, let those at length assume courage, to whom glory, to whom safety is dear. The Brigantes, even under a female leader, had force

enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps; and, if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke: And shall not we, untouched, unsubdued, and struggling not for the acquisition, but the continuance of liberty, declare at the very first onset what kind of men Britain has reserved for her defence?

“ Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no habitation, or a distant one. Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horror at the woods, seas, and a haven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were, imprisoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle shew, and the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. March then to battle, and think of your ancestors and your posterity.

Shall we, Englishmen, then, after a period of *seventeen hundred years*, lose the energy of our ancestors, and let our inveterate foe come without our resistance, and quietly take possession of our palaces, cities, and homes! No, we will tell our threatening invader *we dread him not*; that we are worthy of our forefathers, *and are determined to be independent or cease to exist*! But let BRITONS bear in mind what sort of an enemy they have to encounter—a cunning, determined foe, revengeful, used to over-run countries, and has at his command 500,000 soldiers ready for any hazardous enterprize. We must, therefore, be vigilant, dauntless, and valiant; no exertion must be spared to

insure our safety; all the time we can devote from our daily occupations, *and the whole of our time if our Government think it necessary*, must be occupied in the use of arms. The foe of Britain is the foe of every thing that is good, and wherever he conquers, destroys every thing that is sacred or valuable. We must fight not only for our *mothers, wives, and sisters*, but our *ALTARS*. Let us then not only meet this infidel as *soldiers*, but as *CHRISTIANS*! This unbelieving renegade that threatens us with slavery, has said* *that should he ever obtain possession of JERUSALEM, he would plant the TREE of LIBERTY on the spot on which the Cross of JESUS CHRIST stood, and would BURY the first French Grenadier, who should fall in the attack, in the TOMB of OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR!!!*

J. K.

BIRMINGHAM, Aug. 20, 1803.

AN

*Englishman's Reflections*ON THE AUTHOR OF THE
PRESENT DISTURBANCES.BY G. W. MANBY,
BARRACK MASTER OF YARMOUTH.* Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears
countroul'd."

AS LIBERTY is the source of happiness to all degrees of life, and the only security to every man's person and property; we must consider it as one of the noblest of the gifts of God, and inseparably connected with RELIGION—its prosperity depends on the prevalence of virtue, and the fear of a future

judgment in the hearts of its possessors; if otherwise considered, irregularity and confusion to that order and harmony of nature by which the universe subsists, must be the consequence. With gratitude we contemplate the enjoyment of this our inherent right, handed down by a long succession of ages to the protection of a VIRTUOUS PRINCE, now reigning in the hearts of his people; sensible of our blessings, we are naturally led to deplore the fate of the inconsiderate, who, deluded by the harmonious vibrations of its name, have thrown themselves into the arms of tyranny, and whose lives, liberties, and fortunes, are commanded, or torn from them by the mandates of arbitrary authority.

Under the impressions of sorrow and indignation, we turn our eyes to *France*, a nation once opulent and happy under the protection of a mild sovereign, but now reduced to poverty and vassalage by the military despotism of an *individual*, whose actions, past and present, are so remarkable, as never before to have sullied the page of history, and so extraordinary, that he will become the notice and scorn of posterity; a FOREIGNER†, established by usurpation, a ruler, disdainful of all honour‡, bound by no solemn contract, a hypocrite to all religion, who aims at nothing else but personal grandeur and dominion, and would desert the objects of degraded fame in the trying moment of adversity§. Lamentable, indeed, is the state of that nation, who have no other security for their liberty, no other laws for their safety, than the will of a *Despot*: their awful situation compels me to offer a few remarks, arising from the gratification I take in the welfare of

* See Dr. Wittman's Travels in Egypt.

† A Corsican.

‡ His treachery during peace.

§ Flight from Egypt.

the

the civilized world, and cultivation of the gentler manners of peace.

Can the millions who people the French nation reflect on such a character, and tamely submit to be impoverished by ambition and avaricious views? Can they contentedly be DISLOYAL, or the panders to his vices, by countenancing a REBEL to their KING, and the community at large. Is there not one among them who has the good of his country at heart? Is there not one who would rescue his country's honour, and bring a monster to justice, in satisfaction for the injuries at present endured, and which posterity will suffer for? Is there not one who has the ambition to be ranked the deliverer of his country, to step forward and check the author of their oppressions, and the just object of their resentment?

Let them remember, they have still a MONARCH, a legal inheritor of their throne, who, when they have wiped away the stigma, of having been accessory to usurpation, and are by contrition deserving of care; he will then become the father of his people; restore them LIBERTY, a substance which they know only in its most outward form, and bring to them peace, happiness, and prosperity—the offspring of such government.

It is well known, the Tyrant who governs by the sword, has no other friends but men of the sword. Will they sanctify his actions? Will they allow a lasting reproach to be brought upon an honourable profession? Will they consent to be the instruments of a despot, or the profligate tools of infuriate caprice, the wanton sacrifices to an imposing spirit, and persecuting temper?

* Invincible Legion.

† England to be given up to pillage, and every one to be put to death, who has defended his country.

‡ Cressy, &c.

Conscious how falsely he has dealt with those who elevated him to his present situation, and fearing the vengeance he knows he so well deserves, he attempts to divert their minds from actions at home; and to get rid of their importunities, he amuses them by an intention of invading the UNITED KINGDOM, the performance of which is to render them the victims of his *perfidy*, and of their own *temerity*.

Recollecting, however, the innumerable achievements of our navy, and that the bravest troops France ever produced*, headed by himself, yielded to inferior numbers of our Army; and apprehensive also of their promptitude to undertake the expedition, he stimulates their passions by the offers of plunder, and of delivering up the country to their licentiousness and rage†. After such avowals, what hopes can they entertain of success? What hopes can they entertain of safety from the people's vengeance?

BID THEM PUT THEIR INSULTING THREAT INTO EXECUTION, to add another proud day‡ to the fame of England; let them know we burn with impatience and resentment, to meet and punish the vaunting foe; let them know this is the land of LIBERTY, and by that unspeakable blessing, so truly the darling property of our nation, we have a kindred spirit to maintain, and animation to revenge an insult offered to a King whom we adore, and who requites us, by centering his glory on the happiness of his subjects.

I cannot refrain from reviewing the various actions practised by their Usurper, and the modes employed by him to arrive at the station he now holds; to the least thinking mind, a

character every way so notorious,* treacherous, and cruel†, in the long catalogue of iniquity attributed to numbers, there are none who can be so deservedly execrated, or found to have lived more to the real affliction and disturbance of mankind, than himself; embued in the blood of thousands, and decorated with the plunder from the miserable victims of his avarice, he glitters in the rays of robbery. What epithet can be too strong to stigmatize a man who has violated every act that degrades human nature? His ambition disquiets the nation; his extravagance impoverishes it; his cruelties stain its character; and his perfidy, if not RESTRAINED, will ruin it: his inordinate appetite for sway, without the smallest regard for justice; and the natural depravity of his heart, has occasioned the multitudes, of whom he assumes the head, to be looked on as the worst order of society, and a confederacy unhinging the nerves and sinews of every government and its happiness.

* Toussaint, by terms of capitulation became a prisoner, the treaty was violated the moment he was in his power, and immured within the walls of a prison, he found a release from his sufferings by poison.

† St. Domingo.—Fancy was never exercised to give a greater variety of forms to cruelty than employed on the unfortunate objects of that country. Some were tied back to back, and thrown into the ocean; others thickly stowed in vessels and (sent to sea) there to find a watery grave,—the ship being scuttled.

To enumerate the various and unparalleled sufferings exercised on the unoffending subjugated countries, would claim volumes to detail: I must, therefore, content myself with a few TRUTHS from Sir R. WILSON's History of the Egyptian Expedition. Did he not express strong displeasure when the soldiers spared the lives of their prisoners? and had he not, (three days afterwards) these unfortunate victims of captivity, (amounting to some thousands) marched to an eminence, and there deliberately destroyed by volleys of grape shot and musketry? the execution of which he beheld by such strong marks of joy, that his feelings could not conceal them. When the hospitals were filled with his OWN soldiers, did he not send for a physician and communicate an intention of poisoning them, which the gentleman refused to obey, and expressed his horror and detestation at the proposal? At length, he prevailed on a "caitiff wretch," who distributed a large portion of opium under the guise of grateful food, and thus terminated the lives of 580, who had purchased his greatness at the price of their blood: this last proof has, by endeavouring to be refuted, established the truth of 20,000 more victims, and made him, if possible, more hateful in the eyes of the world.

‡ Lord Clarendon, on his paper entitled 'Killing a tyrant no murder.'

I wish not to trouble myself with the community at large, because, unhappily for themselves, it is by HIM they have acquired the stigma of guilt; every victory gained by them is against themselves, and forges new links to the chain of their slavery: it is HIM alone I wish to hold up to the view of mankind, as the greatest PEST who has been permitted to continue in existence; defending one vice by the commission of another, breaking down all boundaries of order, and overwhelming the people in misfortunes, oppression, and criminality. From the MURDER of a KING, he has usurped the authority, and by continuing in intrigues, is seated on a REGICIDE THRONE, from whence all honest power, glory, riches, and becoming dignity are banished; and, in their stead, TYRANNY, with the utmost rigour, brandishes its despotic arm.

The character of a tyrant, having been detailed in so minute a manner, and the application being so strong, I shall avail myself of the labour of another‡, as better calculated to de-

scribe than any composition that I could produce.

"All tyrants have been first captains and generals for the people, under pretences of vindicating or defending their liberties; to subvert the present government they pretend LIBERTY for the people. When the government is down, they then INVADE that liberty themselves.

"Tyrants accomplish their ends, more by fraud than force, and with cunning plausible pretences, impose on men's understanding. But afterwards, MASTER those who had so little wit as to rely upon their faith and integrity.

"They abase all excellent persons, and rid out of the way all noble minds, or at least have few or none, who have either honour, conscience, wit, interest, or courage to oppose their designs.

"They dare suffer no assemblies, but professed gamblers or their equals, from an apprehension of plots against them.

"They have their SPYIES* and delators, who under the mask of friendship may get trust, and make discoveries, circulate false reports, and insinuate themselves for the only purpose of the future destruction of a state.

"They make war to divert and busy the people in order that whilst engaged in projects, they may render the seat less uneasy.

"All things set aside for religious uses, are exposed to sale, that whilst those things last, they may EXACT the less of the people†.

"Above all, pretend a love to GOD and Religion. This expedient he has resorted to in an earnest manner; but not longer than was suitable to his in-

terest; as frequently changing his opinion, as situations required, experimentally finding, that in [show of] godliness there is great gain, and that, by a seeming observance well managed, Kingdoms might be obtained as well as Heaven. But what foundation have we for reliance on those professions? when it is well known, that in the early part of his career, all religious establishments were by him abolished, and the teachers driven for an asylum to other states, for that security his apostasy denied them."

Such was CROMWELL in England!

Such is BONAPARTE in France!

Par ignobile fratrum!!!

By the means already described, he has in the strictest sense, acquired power, and become an enemy to justice, and the liberty of mankind; under such circumstances, his retention of authority is, not only to the misery, but infamy of the nation, nor can we be surprised at his extreme caution, when it is considered, that, as an usurper, it is only by force he retains the government, and consequently is at war with every man.

But though at present, France and other nations are in such ignominious bondage, it is ardently to be wished, those execrable cords may soon be loosened, and that courage may exert itself to break them; for never was a government managed with JUSTICE, when procured by INFAMY.

As a magnanimous man, who has so frequently asserted his willingness to die for the good and glory of his vassals, nor hesitating to risk the greatest dangers for its welfare, it would impart great comfort to his dying moments, to

* Sebastiani, and dismembering of Egypt.

† Let the ancient order of religious houses explain this, and account why he will not immediately impose further contributions,—a new name given for robbery.

consider what *advantage* must arise to the world by his *leaving* it, and preventing future occasions of making more women without a protector, and children without a parent; and other laws exist than the government of the sword.

His conscientious discharge of the arduous duties according to his principles, and *beneficence of heart*, he so proudly boasts of, can never fear death from the TERRORS of a *mispent life*. He will then be beyond the reach of malice, nor suffer the torments arising from faction or displeasure more to perplex his mind, or give disquiet to his hours.

But should providence, for reasons unknown to us, still prolong the life of this SCOURGE, (to make his downfall more remarkable and impressive on present and future ages) he will, when he perceives an unfavourable aspect in his affairs, again try his success by DELUSION, or attempt to LULL this nation to forbearance by OFFERS of peace; the former for his own safety, the latter to recover his lost advantages, and making a more sudden attack on the nation's prosperity; does he suppose the guardians of our nation's

honour will relax from their ardour, by any artifice he can adopt? No! they are too much alive to the welfare of the people, and disdain to listen to his delusive *overtures*: and in return for which, and to accomplish the views of OUR PATRIOT GOVERNMENT, I am confident no Englishman will refuse to make the greatest sacrifices, but manfully come forward with personal service, and cheerfully bear every burthen for the defence of his King, Laws, Country's good, and while a TYRANT exists.

For the world in general, and the happiness of France, the downfall of a tyrant is devoutly to be wished, producing the gratifying return of order—the restoration of religion—the exercise of moral duties—real liberty—and the various blessings so valuable in life.

With an earnest hope that these truths may perchance meet the eyes of the Tyrant, I have been induced to offer my real signature, preferring to be recorded in the list of his hatreds, than enrolled in the catalogue of having been introduced to the court of the Usurper—and enemy to my country.

June 4, 1803.

G. W.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES ON THE THEATENED INVASION.

By — WILSON, Esq.

IO! in order of Battle the Legions of France
O'er Freedom's domain to destruction advance;
The Trumpet is sounded, and bursts from afar
From an host of Invaders the thunder of War.
To the fiery Combat they rush in despair,
While the groans of the dying rise wild on the air,
And their blood-dropping banners all-dreadfully wave
O'er the spot that is mark'd for the Plunderer's grave!

D.

Do they hope to prevail? oh how empty the boast!
 The Angel of death has devoted their host,
 And when night spreads her darkness, the moon-beam will shed
 A glimmering light on the mountains of dead!

A Phalanx of Freemen moves on to the fight,
 The spoiler is vanquished, and withered his might!
 His wasted battallions like snow melt away
 And ruin and horror reign Lords of the day!
 The Heroes of England, the heralds of fear,
 Pursue the pale squadrons and press on their rear;
 Beneath their firm tread the Invaders expire,
 And they flame o'er the field like a column of fire!
 They had sworn at the Altar of God to be free
 Yes! Leader of Armies! they trusted in THEE!

Elated with conquest, what honors await
 The brave by whom battle was turned from the gate?
 A million of patriots, regardless of life,
 That crushed the fierce foe in the glorious strife?
 The old man whose course of existence is run
 Gives a last placid smile to the Hero his son;
 While the virgin unable from rapture to speak,
 Reclines on his breast with a tear on her cheek,
 And fearing no more from her lover to part
 In tenderness breathes a soft sigh from the heart!
 On their soul speaking features all gaze with delight
 And to bless the defenders of freedom unite!
 Each heart leaps with joy at the sound of their name,
 And their deeds are preserved in the records of fame!

Yet each Briton will pause mid the triumph to mourn
 For the heroes that fought—ah! no more to return!
 Who when stretched on the plain 'neath the shadow of death,
 Blessed the Land of their Fathers with tremulous breath,
 And sighed their last prayer on the groan-burdened gale,
 "Oh! God! may the cause of my Country prevail!"
 Yes! the tear will gush fast when we think of their lot
 And the name of the valiant will ne'er be forgot,
 To their fame a proud Nation a Trophy will raise
 And the current of time will add force to its blaze!

WAR SONG.

By the Rev. Mr. GILLESPIE.

SONS of the mighty, dreadless band,
 That know to conquer or to die,
 Around your rock embattl'd strand,
 More firm than rocks embattl'd stand,

And

And proud Invasion's threats defy!
 Unconquered offspring of the brave,
 Whom Roman power could ne'er enslave,
 Your freedom who for ever seal'd,
 On Bannock Burn's victorious field,
 Rush from the hills ye heroes on the foe,
 Tread on Oppression's neck, and deal th' avenging blow

On, sons of Morven, to the fight,
 Back drive th' Invaders to the waves;
 Proud lift on high the arm of might—
 Say, shall oppression rule o'er right,
 And freemen yield to slaves?
 No! whilst our green isle spurns the main,
 Shall Britons spurn a tyrants chain:
 No! whilst the winds and tempests dread
 Pour round our rock-pil'd mountain's head,
 Free as those winds and as those tempests dire,
 In freedom's cause we fight—we conquer—or expire.

Rise Patriots, to your Country's aid,
 Your father's ghosts on vengeance call!
 Draw from its sheath the battle blade,
 Nor let th' avenging sword be staid,
 Till you have made the tyrant fall!
 Say, shall we view, dear native soil,
 Thy lovely fields a Despot's spoil?
 Shall Christians see their altars stain'd,
 Their children slain, their wives profan'd?
 Shall brave men to a ruffian's arms
 Yield trembling beauty's virgin charms?
 Oh, righteous heaven, forbid the foul disgrace,
 At which the sun asham'd would hide his blushing face!

Most beauteous island of the west,
 Seat of the fair, the brave, the free,
 By love, by lore, by friendship blest,
 While fond remembrance cheers my breast,
 I shall, dear land, remember thee:
 Tho' filled with hills my country rude,
 Yet there is courage unsubdued—
 A patriot king—A Christian creed—
 And laws from wild disorder freed—
 And heroes that disdain a Tyrant's rule,
 Nurs'd in proud Honour's lap, and train'd in Freedom's school.

Then

Then to your shores, ye dreadless band,
 Invasion's sails are now unfurl'd;
 Fight for your dear sweet native land;
 For freedom, for religion stand,
 And prove the saviours of the world!
 High pants the steed with foaming breath,
 The horseman draws the sword of death,
 Thick rows of arms flash in the light,
 The weak shall fall beneath your might:
 On heroes, on; perdition waits the slaves!
 They come to give you chains—you go to give them graves.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

SPIRIT of the heavenly regions,
 Crown'd with never ending fame,
 List and hear how earthly legions
 Consecrate thy deathless name.

From thy blest, thy sainted dwelling,
 Where midst fields of glory bright,
 Thou sits't the sacred anthem swelling,
 With white rob'd ministers of light;

Behold the warriors bosom burning,
 The virgin's tear descend for thee;
 The British youth with sorrow mourning
 The soldier of humanity.

There while valour lights each feature,
 Hear them vow they *will* be free;
 Like thee to guard the rights of nature,
 To triumph, or to die like thee,

Still enchanted with thy story,
 With thy worth and martial glory,
 They to latest times will prove,
 A nation's gratitude and love.

Spirit of the heavenly regions,
 Crown'd with never ending fame,
 List and hear how earthly legions
 Consecrate thy sacred name.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

LOYAL SONG.

TUNE—"A Jolly Jack Tar."

FROM Scotia's bleak region, the nurse of that race
 Who on Gallia's Invincibles thundered disgrace;
 To the deep Cornish mines at the end of our Isle,
 Where embosom'd in earth they ne'er dreamt of the Nile;
Tol de rol, &c.

From the North to a climate far better than France,
 From Johnny Groat's house to the town of Penzance;
 On the Tweed, on the Trent, on the Thames, on your Teign,
 Unanimous all, all true Britons combine.
Tol de rol, &c

By the genius of Alfred the scourge of the Danes,
 By all our great Heros' immortal remains;
 By the fifth Harry's fame, by the Black Prince's shade,
 By those laurels which never, no never can fade;
Tol de rol, &c.

We swear, while we live, that no force shall compel,
 The Sons of the Ocean their Birth-right to sell;
 To crouch like base slaves beneath Tyranny's rod,
 Or bend like our neighbours' at Bonaparte's nod.
Tol de rol, &c.

To arms; then, ye Britons, to arms all ye brave,
 High in air let the standard of Liberty wave;
 At glory's great beacon light valor's true flame,
 The safeguard of virtue, the pledge of our name.
Tol de rol, &c

Famed Chief of Marengo tempt Fortune once more,
 Pray thy Goddess to waft all thy Barks on our shore;
 But mark if she grants 'tis the term of thy praise,
 'Tis the sentence of death, and the end of thy days.
Tol de rol.

THE CHAPTER OF POLITICIANS.

BY MR. T. DIDDIX.

MY good humour'd patrons I hope wont be vex'd,
 If the chapter of Politics furnish my text;
 While the times are all bustle, the folks all alive,
 Politicians increase, just like bees in a hive.

*For barring all pother of this, that, and t'other,
 We're all Politicians in turn.*

The

The *Blacksmith* he "swallows the Taylor's news,"
And forges supplies while old Dobbin he shoes,
He blows up the authors of Englishmen's wrongs,
And says we must go at it—hammer and tongs.

For barring, &c.

The flag of defiance the Taylor lets loose,
And values a Frenchman no more than a Goose;
He works for the Army and therefore he knows,
We shall certainly stick in the skirts of our foes.

For barring, &c.

The *Barber* exclaims, with true technical trope,
That we are all in the suds—tho' he ventures to hope,
In dressing a foe that our powder may tell,
Do the job to a shaving and lather him well.

For barring, &c.

The *Cobler*, good soul, says our awl must soon end,
And be worn out at last, unless matters should mend;
The *Doctor* conceives to despair there's no call,
Let him physic our foes and he'll soon kill them all.

For barring, &c.

The *Exciseman* says war will our Spirits raise higher,
The *Chandler* exclaims all the fat's in the fire;
'Tis the *Lawyers* advice if the French we should meet,
To support the King's Bench, by the help of the Fleet.

For barring, &c.

Old Chip the *Carpenter* saw very plain
A deal of our work must be done o'er again,
And should foes set a foot on our beech but one inch,
He augurs they'd find hearts of oak never flinch.

So barring, &c.

Says the *Builder* what stories they raise with their tricks,
Says the *Baker* their stories are built with French bricks;
The *Landlord* he swears he'll ne'er trust them again,
The *Sexton* looks grave, and the *Clerk* says Amen.

So barring, &c.

The *Cheesemonger* thinks these are mitety affairs;
'Twill be diamond cut diamond, the *Glazier* declares;
The *Soldier* and *Sailor* don't like to say much
But brandish their weapons and long for a touch.

So barring, &c.

In short all the town have their cons and their pros,
And each Politician tells all that he knows—
Of our foes I'll say this, if you won't take it ill,
They ne'er thrash'd us yet—and I don't think they will.

*So barring all pother of this, that, and t'other,
We always could bang them in turn.*

THE CALL OF HONOUR ;
 OR,
 BRITAIN'S APPEAL TO ARMS!

UNFURL the Standard, Honour cries,
 With union and indignant zeal :

'Tis done, a BRITISH Host replies,
 To arms, to arms, be our appeal.

Hark ! the cannon's deadly roar,

With the din of arms unite :

Let it sound from shore to shore,

We for PEACE and FREEDOM fight.

Bright glows the patriotic flame ;

A flame which ev'ry bosom warms !

Whose praise shall swell the trump of
 fame ;

And Europe call, to Arms ! to Arms !

Hark ! &c.

Dar'd by a Tyrant to the field ;

Lo ! *single-handed* we advance,

The temple of our rights to shield,

And scourge the insolence of France.

Hark ! &c.

Can we permit a horde of slaves,

To shake the Altar, or the Throne ?

To brave the empire of the waves ;

And call this happy Isle their own ?

Hark ! &c.

Shall they our equal Laws profane,

And rend the ties of social life ?

Or pluck the generous Lion's mane ;

While beats the pulse of martial strife ?

Hark ! &c.

Our sea-girt Country is our boast ;

Sound, sound the trumpet, beat the
 drum ;

With hand in hand, we'll guard the
 coast,

Should all their hostile legions come,

Hark ! &c.

Let Britain mount her naval Car,

And lanch the thunder from her hand ;

For Neptune smiles—and radiant War,

Bids victory hover o'er the land.

Hark ! &c.

Unfurl the Standard, Honour cries,

With manly, firm, indignant zeal :

'Tis done, a warlike Host replies,

To Arms, to Arms, be our appeal.

Hark ! the cannons' deadly roar,

With the din of arms unite :

Let it sound from shore to shore,

We for PEACE and FREEDOM fight.

R. H. S.

SELECTED POETRY.

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

TUNE—"Poor Jack."

THE Standard of Albion floats in the wind,

And calls its Protectors away :

Shall the pride of Britannia, her Sons, lag behind,

Or wish from the Battle to stay ?

Base thought, no the spirit of Britons remains,

Its ardour still glows in each breast,

Of AGINCOURT, POICTIERS, and CRESSY's fam'd plains,

The glorious renown is caress'd.

The

The Sons of those Heroes of old we advance,
 'Tis Conquest or Death we demand;
 But Providence surely will smile on the lance,
 That's hurl'd in defence of our land.

If glory, if honour, ambition can raise,
 And lead to the strife of the field,
 The warrior who combats for fame's empty praise,
 And for this grasps the falchion and shield;
 How quick should our bosoms the impulse invade,
 And swell ev'ry nerve to the fight;
 For our country insulted, should gleam ev'ry blade,
 Her redress will our valour requite:
 To gain such reward let us instantly fly,
 Let us strive who the laurels shall wear;
 The Providence ruling the regions on high,
 Will PATRIOTS bless with his care.

Tho' Switzerland, Italy, Holland have shewn
 They could not their int'rests defend,
 To the universe Englishmen cry, "tho' alone
 We ne'er will to conquerors bend."
 Brave boys, we have more to defend than them all,
 A King we respect and adore,
 Our laws and a Country, the first on the ball,
 For Liberty dwells on its shore:
 Her spirit she breathes into each British heart,
 She inspires us bravely to fight:
 And Providence ne'er from our cause will depart,
 Which Justice proclaims in the right.

My Laura adieu, hark the drum calls to arms,
 With a smile check the tear that would flow;
 For the battle I seek to secure me thy charms,
 To win thee my fairest I go.
 Oh fear not to lose me, should vict'ry entwine
 My brow with her garland so fair,
 My heart will become more deserving of thine,
 The reward of each danger and care.
 But trust in that bountiful power my love,
 Who may please to conduct me to thee;
 If otherwise, in the glad mansions above
 My Laura our meeting will be.

INVASION.

AS when tempestuous winds the main deform,
 And low'ring clouds foretell th' approaching storm,
 The undaunted mariners its fury dares,
 And, all collected, for the worst prepares ;
 So our brave Islanders their valour shew ;
 And hate the threats of their insulting foe !
 Disdaining fear, tho' wrapp'd in big suspense,
 And calmly planning measures of defence.

GENIUS OF BRITAIN ! high advance thy spear,
 And on the hoary cliffs thy standard rear ;
 Glory sits perch'd upon thy beaming crest,
 And fills with fortitude the patriot breast :
 While pleas'd remembrance, in bright honor's blaze,
 Presents to view the deeds of former days,
 When on fam'd Agincourt, and Cressy's field,
 Where vanquish'd Gaul dropp'd low her useless shield,
 Our brave forefathers were with vict'ry crown'd,
 And round their brows unfading laurels bound.

Now when once more their banners are unfurl'd,
 Whose power of late disorganiz'd the world ;
 When dreaded war's discordant thunders roll,
 And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Europe, indignant, turns her sick'ning eyes
 On him from whom the kindling horrors rise.—
 In Gallia's upstart Chief, whose restless mind
 Would forge eternal fetters for mankind ;
 Who boasts to set the world from slav'ry free,
 Yet dares expect that world to bend the knee,
 And yield up ev'ry independent claim
 To Freedom's blessing, tho' in Freedom's name ;
 In him the tyrant of the Gallic race,
 The peopled earth the direful source may trace,
 Of woes that shall the bleeding bosom rend
 Of meek humanity, sweet Nature's friend.

In hosts unnumber'd let the slaves of France,
 Prompted by hope, t'wards Albion's shores advance ;
 Let the vain crew their Despot's call obey,
 And o'er the ocean urge their wat'ry way ;
 With golden dreams of vict'ry elate,
 Commit themselves to an uncertain fate.—

The GOD OF ARMIES can alone secure
 The Warrior's fortune, and make vengeance sure;
 And who can tell th' OMNIPOTENT's decree
 Or dare exclaim—"This shall or shall not be?"
 Who knows but Heaven the Corsican design'd
 Its potent instrument to scourge mankind?
 And with surround'ng state the war to wage,
 The stern chastiser of a sinking age?
 The soul, where Honor's genuine feelings glow,
 Would scorn to steal a conquest from a foe;
 And would regard success as a disgrace,
 Whate'er the intention, if the means are base.
 Yet must the brave, howe'er they hate the theme,
 With care avoid a contrary extreme.
 Blind to the future, men too rashly dare
 Neglect to guard against the coming war;
 The proud contempt with which they danger view,
 Makes conquest easy even to a few.

Natives of Britain's warlike Isle arise;
 Exalt your flag imperial to the skies!
 In well-ray'd cohorts seize the pointed lance,
 And hurl defiance to the power of France.
 No common cause now wages to the strife,
 The prize is *Honor—Liberty—and Life!*
 Freedom and Bondage now before us stand,
 The last a stranger to the English land;
 Then while in Gallia's view the patriot host
 Undaunted stand, to guard their sea-girt coast,
 Loud let the shout thro' heaven's wide concave ring—
 "OUR GOD! OUR GOD! OUR COUNTRY! AND OUR KING!"

Morning Post.

G. BUTTLER.

THE DEVOTED AND VICTORIOUS BRITISH SOLDIER.

BY MR. COURTENAY, M. P.

TO battle let despots compel the poor slave,
 His country for him has no charms,
 But the voice of fair Freedom is heard by the brave,
 And calls her own Britons to arms.

Our Country, and King, may triumphantly rest
 Encircled by Loyalty's bands,
 For the spirit of Liberty glows in each breast,
 And her sword shall ne'er drop from our hands.

In the bright race of glory Britannia still runs,
 And her foes shall shrink back in despair;
 What nation in valour can rival her arms,
 Or vie with the charms of her fair.

How glorious to fall in youth's early bloom,
 For Britain life's joys to resign;
 The voice of loud fame will be heard in each tomb,
 And our names be enroll'd in her shrine.

Raise the song to the heroes of Freedom's proud isle,
 While in strains of exultance we tell,
 How the soldier's lov'd chief, by the blood-streaming Nile,
 Triumphantly conquer'd and fell.

Then, Britons, strike home—to the French on our shore,
 Their Invincible standard display;
 By MOIRA array'd, on their vain legions pour,
 And rival fam'd Aboukir's day.

While proudly the banners of victory wave,
 The Soldier exultingly dies,
 The trophies of glory shine over his grave,
 And his spirit ascends to the skies.

DEFIANCE TO THE CORSICAN.

TO subdue the Armadas of FRANCE and of SPAIN,
 NEPTUNE gave us his Trident, as Lords of the Main;
 Bade our Cannon's dread thunder, in loud peals to roll,
 From the banks of the THAMES to the furthermost pole;
 Then enroll, my brave lads! to chastise them, prepare,
 And the CORSICAN TYRANT may come, if he dare!

Though by slaughter or threats, from the ELBE to the Po;
 With his iron and gold, he has silenced each foe;
 Both his gold and his iron he soon shall see broke
 By the all-conqu'ring force, of our firm HEARTS of OAK.
 Then arouse, my brave lads! their destruction prepare,
 And the CORSICAN TYRANT may come, if he dare!

Not content with the blood, which in EUROPE he shed,
 Still he hop'd to advance, where the NILE hides his head,
 But ABOUKIR and ACRE beheld his dismay—
 When defeated, he fled, and his fleet was our prey;
 Then let NELSON, and SIDNEY new triumphs prepare,
 And the CORSICAN TYRANT may come, if he dare!

Yet

Yet against us, he vaunts, his base myriads to bring,
 Who obey an Usurper, who murder'd their King;
 Impious wretches! in terror, who kiss the vile rod—
BUT WE FIGHT FOR OUR LAWS, FOR OUR KING, AND OUR GOD!
 Let us all then, united, for battle prepare,
 And the **CORSICAN TYRANT** may come, if he dare!

From their coasts, by the winds, should our navy be tossed,
 And, in spite of our tars, should the Channel be crossed:
FRENCHMEN never our dear native land shall explore:—
IF NOT SUNK IN THE SEA, THEY SHALL DIE ON OUR SHORE!
 See! already we march, and to crush them prepare;
 Let the **CORSICAN TYRANT** then come, if he dare!

Of our wives, and our daughters, protecting the charms;
 And our country defending, our cry is—"To arms!"
TO BLASPHEMERS AND SLAVES, BRITONS never will yield,
FOR RELIGION'S OUR BULWARK, AND FREEDOM OUR SHIELD!
OUR INVINCIBLE BANNER then wave high in air,
 And the **CORSICAN TYRANT** may come, if he dare!

As a **COMET** descends, that has blazed from afar—
 While he scatters around desolation, and war:
 So this merciless Despot, who makes the earth groan,
 Let her wake from her trance, shall be hurled from his throne.
 Wake then, Earth! at our call—rise, our glory to share,
 And the **CORSICAN TYRANT** o'erwhelm with despair!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

TUNE, The Prince and Old England for ever.

THE day, Fellow Soldiers, is nearly at hand,
 On which is suspended your own,
 And the fate of your happy, your dear native land,
 Your Freedom, Religion, and Throne.

In defence of your ISLE, let each sinew be strung,
 Our banners terrific unfurl'd;
 That isle, the just pride of an Englishman's tongue,
 The envy and praise of the world.

Then sound, sound the trumpet, your standards advance,
 Loud, loud let the drum beat to honour;
 Our ranks shall dismay the proud legions of France,
 And hurl Briton's thunder upon her.

The eyes of all Europe are fix'd upon you,
 They your noble achievements await,
 By Heav'n deputed its foes to subdue,
 And Tyranny hurl from its seat;

The base violation of virtue and truth,
 Of national faith to chastise,
 And wreak on its authors the blood of our youth,
 And widows and fatherless cries.

Cemented by Nature's, Humanity's call,
 Avaunt each political feud,
 Let private opinion, let personal gall,
 Dissolve in the general good.

Thus greatly united, the insolent foe
 Shall tumble if Britons but nod,
 And the Corsican Atheist shudder t' know
 The being, the vengeance of God.

Untarnish'd that Fame, which our ancestors bought,
 And deathless bequeath'd unto their's,
 Inspir'd by the shades of the heroes that fought
 And bled—we'll transmit to our heirs:

To latest posterity shall it descend;
 The laurels the father had won,
 Unfaded, encircling, unconscious to bend,
 Round the patriot brow of the Son.

Oh Gods!—what a theme for the rest of his life,
 By fond recollection beguil'd,
 Who, loaded with honours, returns to his wife,
 And tells the proud tale to his child.

Fill, fill to the brim, hark the wide welkin rings,
 With rapturous peals of applause—
 Here's the kindest of Fathers, the mildest of Kings,
 Our Church, Independence and Laws.

May happy he reign, till the sand of his glass
 Exhausted by nature shall cease;
 Then find in the pray'rs of his subjects a pass
 To Honour, to Glory, and Peace.

Then

Then sound, sound the trumpet, your standards advance,
 Loud, loud let the drum beat to honour;
 Our ranks shall dismay the proud legions of France,
 And hurl Briton's thunder upon her.

SONG, BY EDWARD WILMOT, ESQ.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

COME cheer up my lads, 'tis our Country that calls,
 And bids us repel the proud foe from her walls:
 Our stake is our liberty, laws, and our lives,
 And ourselves are the shield of our children and wives.
*That shield o'er our wives and our children we throw,
 And now we are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady!*
 Our Country to save, and repel the proud foe.

They come to invade with the sword and the brand,
 To ravage and ravish the pride of our land;
 But each son of the isles a sure bulwark shall prove
 In defence of a wife, or a child, or a love:
*In defence of the call to the field we will go,
 Where all will be ready, &c.*

Of times far remote should their memory fail,
 Let Cressy and Agincourt tell the proud tale,
 How Briton's out-number'd, disdaining to yield,
 Mow'd the ranks of the French like the grass of the field!
*Like the grass of the field then the French we will mow,
 And always be ready, &c.*

Be it ours then to teach these all-insolent slaves,
 How the lads of the isles, and the sons of the waves,
 United shall guard hallow'd Liberty's coast
 From tyranny's yoke and republican boast!
*From the yoke and the boast we our freedom will shew,
 And always be ready, &c.*

Be theirs the abhorr'd atheistical sword,
 And murder, rape, rapine, or plunder the word;
 But ours be the boast, that no Briton but draws
 In defence of the Faith, and the King, and the Laws!
*In defence of those names we with confidence go,
 And will always be ready, &c.*

THE BRITISH OAK.

A SONG.

THE Gods and the Goddesses once were inclin'd
To select each a tree, as best suited their mind;
The myrtle, chose Venus—for the vine, Bacchus spoke—
But Britannia, with eagerness, seiz'd on the Oak.

“Tis an emblem,” she said, “of my own darling isle,
To the clime best adapted, as well as the soil.
In virtue, worth, character, both coincide—
That, the chief of the wood—*this*, of nations, the pride.

The King, Lords, and Commons, fam'd union of three,
What are they, but the head, trunk, and root of my tree?
With the sap of pure freedom diffus'd through each pore,
Giving vigour and health to the heart's very core.

As the wide-spreading branches, luxuriant shoot,
British commerce extends, yielding plenty of fruit.
And my sons, like the bark, in appearance are rough,
But within, form'd by nature of good solid stuff.

Then with freedom and bravery, this honest band,
Make Mercy and Loyalty go hand in hand;—
Kings and Princes distress'd, to their bosoms shall flee,
And be shelter'd by them, as Charles was by my tree.

This likeness throughout will be found to pervade;
Britain's laws are the leaves, yielding shelter and shade.
Of her church, too, my oak as a type may be given,
Deep-rooted in earth—but with head rais'd to heaven;

Of this tree of my choice, Britons ever shall boast—
And should foreign invaders dare threaten their coast,
Wooden-walls she'll provide, as their bulwark by sea,
And Neptune hath promis'd their guardian to be.

A brave race, call'd my tars, a peculiar tribe,
Shall be nurs'd in my tree, and her nature imbibe.
Undaunted shall they meet the enemy's stroke,
And Nelsons and Thompsons be true hearts of oak.

Though the daemon of Discord should stalk through the world,
And state after state into chaos be hurl'd—
Though the blast of destruction should ravage the land,
Like MY OAK, 'midst the STORM, FIRM, GREAT BRITAIN SHALL STAND!”

S.

British Neptune.

THE

THE PEASANT OF NORMANDY.

The Lines under-written occurred from a circumstance that really happened of the Conscription-Soldiers stabbing a poor old woman who was praying they would not take her son from her. The man who stabbed her with his bayonet was sentenced to be guillotined, but was afterwards pardoned by the First Consul.

HERE, on Domingo's scorching, acrid shore,
Far from from a wife belov'd, and children dear;
My country's crimes and errors I deplore,
While down my cheek fast flows the scalding tear.

Can I forget the horror of that hour,
When by Conscription rudely dragg'd away!
Such were the orders of despotic pow'r;
The *Corsican* commands!—I *must* obey!

These hands with labour hard, toil'd to support
A mother sunk with sickness and with age:
Ah! me!—her span of life, already short,
Was finish'd by a cruel soldier's rage.

"Die—Beldam—die," th' infernal villain said,
While she, in vain, essay'd to bless her son;
Deep in her breast he sheath'd the fatal blade,
And driv'n by madding fury dragg'd me on.

Sorrows like mine must teach a foe to weep;
Ye gen'rous Britons! FREEDOM'S Sons alone,
Guard well your MONARCH'S Rights, that system keep;
Nor copy what mistaken France has done.

For ah! I add to mis'ry's bitter woes
Heart-felt remorse, at deeds I blush to tell,
Too well, alas! this tortur'd bosom knows
That peace of mind can never with it dwell.

When virtuous Louis did a victim fall,
How did my heart exult!—how shout my voice!
Now France, I cried, is free! her children all;
O darling Liberty! sweet Nature's choice!

When Maria-Antoinette---peerless Queen,
That beauteous fair resign'd her feeling breath,
Wretch that I was---more gay I ne'er was seen,
Ne'er triumph'd more than in these scenes of death.

Stern Robespierre soon shew'd me my mistake,
Five hundred tyrants next in turn oppress,
My wounded conscience smote---my heart would ake,
And heave with sorrow, hard to be suppress.

Last BONAPARTE came in Mercy's dress,
 And seem'd of blood to check th' effusion dire,
 But, oh! beware!—the wolf is wolf no less,
 Tho' for disguise he seeks the sheep's attire.

Yet I seem'd happy—near Rozelles sweet seat,
 In humble peace my little cottage rose:
 No other cares my labour would defeat,
 But fear to lose it—when the Despot chose.

A plenteous harvest as I gather'd in.
 Half-bound my sheaves—my wife and children gay,—
 In rush'd the soldier—with malicious grin,
 They said " 'tis honour calls—you surely will obey!"

Flow fast, ye tears! flow fast for my misdeeds,
 For these with anguish keen assail my mind;
 While for a tender wife my bosom bleeds,
 My chi'dren dear, and all I've left behind!

A CONSCRIPT.

British Neptune.

JOHN BULL AND DOCTOR FRENCH.

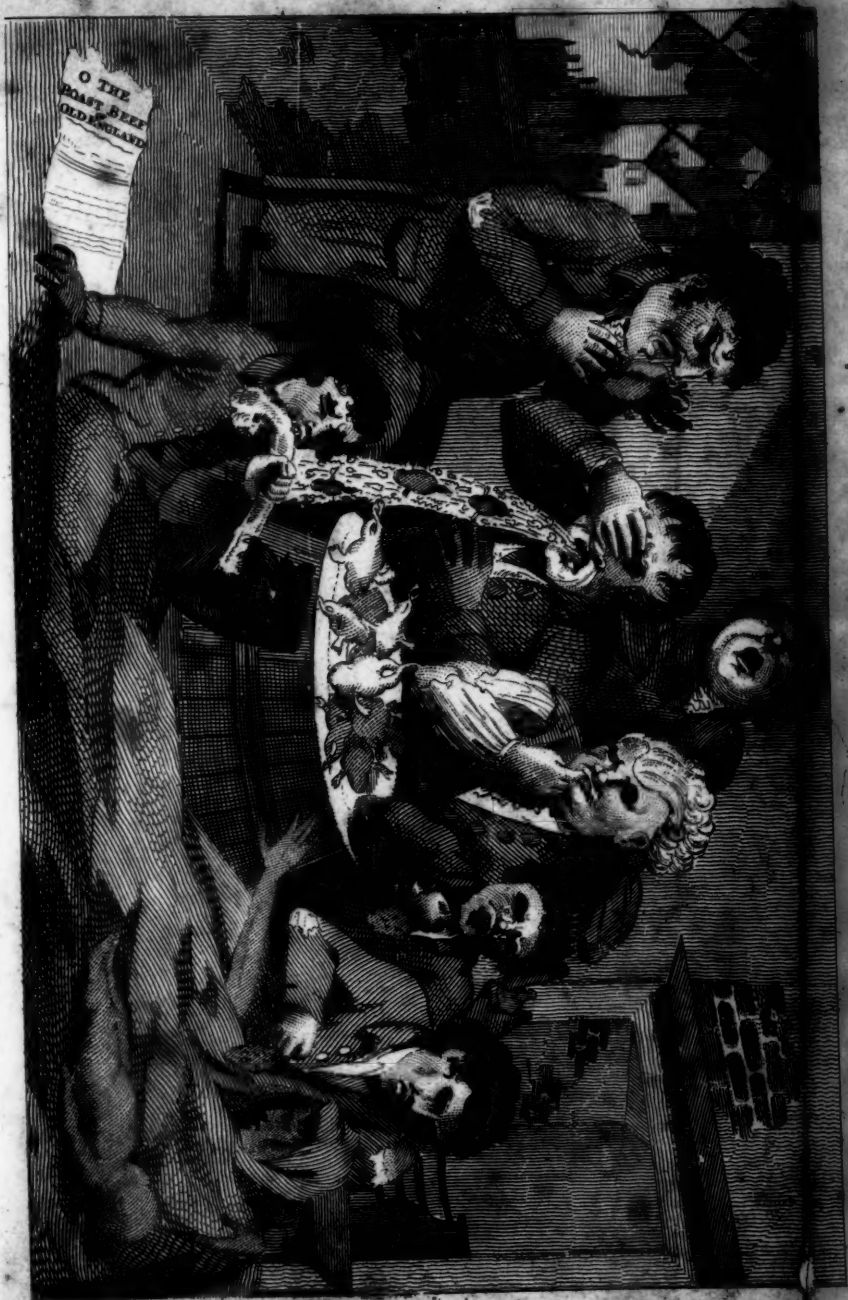
JOHN BULL was once sick, or he thought himself so,
 Some people have whimsical fancies you know;
 He mutter'd and murmur'd throughout the long day,
 Seeming rather to court than to drive care away;
 Now taxes perplex—then the high price of beef,
 Dull weather—the Stocks—serve as food to his grief;
 Tho' talents he had both for humour, and glee,
 His stars so ordain'd, that a grumbler was he.

Two Sisters had John, who his friendship possess'd,
 One dwelt in the North, and one liv'd in the West,
 Who chose, being each of them wond'rous wise,
 Their Brother to caution, instruct, and advise;
 But distant apart all could not be express'd,
 At least with that point that it should be address'd;
 So the Sisters embark'd and to England they came,
 Where Arts, Arms, and Beauty, are well known to Fame.

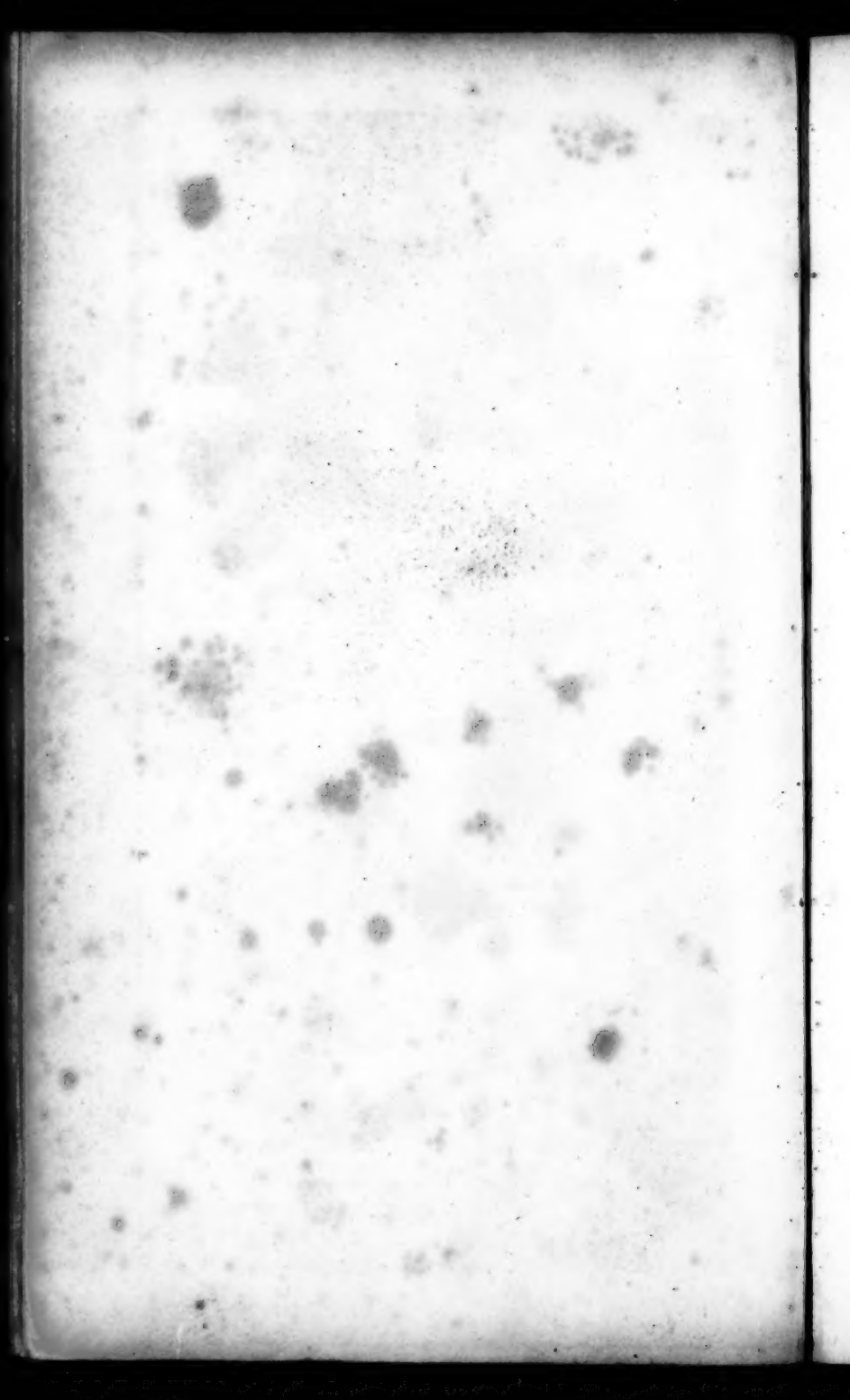
The bra Northern Lassie her theme first began,
 " Out awa, what the de'il is it ails you geud man;
 You've siller enow, with full sacks in the barn,
 Muckle store in the house, then why all this concern?
 Sic a loon ne'er was seen, ken you weel, nay tis sure,
 You cause your own sel half the ills you endure;
 T'other half some geud cheild may remove in a trice,
 Consult DOCTOR FRENCH, and respect his advice."

Scarcely

John Bull transported; or the Cause attended.



John Bull transported, or the Cause attended.



Scarce had she thus said to the purpose so clear,
 When fresh from the West her fair Sister drew near,
 Crying, "Arragh, now Brother, why take so much pains
 For nothing at all but to bodder your brains:
 To be sure I don't know what the matter should be,
 Fait and trot you are hip'd, be persuaded by me;
 For the great DOCTOR FRENCH let me instantly run,
 He'll kill—I mane cure you, as sure as a gun."

With some hesitation JOHN BULL thus replied,
 "What you wish me to do is but seldom denied;
 Dear Sisters I love you, and this very day
 Will prove my regard for what both of you say:
 'Tis needless, I think, after this to say more,
 Only when the fam'd Doctor shall come to my door,
 By the most tempting Sirloin in England, I swear,
 For his cordial reception I soon will prepare."

Doctor FRENCH was call'd in, and his strictures among
 Told JOHN, that his system was all in the wrong;
 That his whole Constitution, from long wear and tear,
 Required strong means to produce a repair.

"Be gar you must purge vid my pill, and indeed,
 Be var much blister'd—mean time I vil bleed:
 So I'll send you de leech, dat vil suck var deep;
 But first Monsieur BULL I must lull you to sleep."

Thus far things went on, when this impudent quack
 Attempted to throw honest JOHN on his back:
 Who, rous'd to resistance, and using his strength,
 Gave the Doctor a sudden sit down at full length:
 Then turning to MOGGY and KATHLENE, he said,
 "Behold where Death's principal Agent is laid."
 Now let us all sing—"While united and free,
 No more Doctor FRENCH, or French Doctors for me."

P. J. M.

Times.

A FIG FOR THE GRAND BONAPARTE.

TUNE—"O, the Roast Beef of Old England."

SINCE our Harry's and Ned's three to one we are told,
 Beat the Frenchmen upon their own dunghill of old,
 Why should we not now boys, as brave and as bold,

*Sing a fig for the grand Bonaparte,
 A fig for the grand Bonaparte*

What

What tho' since a *new Grand Monarque* they have found,
He has bullied and plunder'd the Nations all round,
He ne'er fairly met Freemen upon their own ground,

Then a fig for the grand Bonaparte, &c.

Tho' he has robb'd the Pope's church, and the Dutchman's strong box,
And skinn'd all the flints on poor Switzerland's rocks,
Let him get nothing here, boys, excepting hard knocks,

Sing a fig, &c.

No—in vain has he cast his thief's eye on our pelf,
We will put it on Freedom and Valour's high shelf,
If he gets it he must be the Devil himself,

But a fig, &c.

If the Devil he be—give the Devil his due,
Would the fiend that in COLD BLOOD his prisoners slew,
And POISON'D his own slaves, be kinder to you?

But a fig, &c.

Will ye fight then like men for your sweethearts and wives?
For your country—your honour—your freedom—your lives;
Or lay bare your sheep's throats to the French butcher's knives

No—a fig, &c.

For our rich he's to bring over thumbscrews and racks,
For our poor, wooden shoes, and a whip for their backs,
To make them like asses drudge under his packs,

But a fig, &c.

Sure each Briton must feel in his veins the blood boil,
At a menace like this, to our free, happy soil,
Then to arms, boys, and doubt not the braggart to foil,

A fig, &c.

Should he 'scape SMITH at sea—he fled from him on shore—
He'll find ready to beat him whene'er he gets o'er,
Those who beat his Invincible army before,

So a fig, &c.

Can the wretch who has every god worshipp'd, but GOD,
Be favour'd of heaven, unless as its rod?
Let's not leave him till on his proud neck we have trod,

Then a fig, &c.

Oh, Britons, beware, how again ye embrace
Him who struck at your heart while he smil'd in your face,
No, drub him first soundly, before you shew grace,

A fig, &c.

Then let's join hand and heart round our Senate and Throne,
With an ardour to slaves and to tyrants unknown,
And they'll not threaten our coast, but look to their own,

Sing, a fig for the grand Bonaparte,

A fig for the grand Bonaparte.

Scorn

SCORN BRITANNIA, SCORN THE SLAVES,
Britons still shall rule the waves.

TUNE, " *Rule Britannia.*"

WAKE! Britons wake! To Arms! To Arms!
 With FREEDOM fix'd to stand or fall!
 Hurl! Hurl! in thunder his alarms
 Back on the Tyrant-Chief of Gaul.

*Scorn Britannia, Scorn the Slaves,
 Britons still shall rule the waves.*

What, shall we FEAR the braggart race,
 Our Kings, nay, Queens so oft have beat,
 Or Him who lately with disgrace,
 From us at Acre made retreat?

Scorn Britannia, &c.

Yet Britons let us not DESPISE
 This wily, fierce, rapacious foe;
 With equal skill and courage rise,
 BE QUICK TO FIRE, BUT LEVEL LOW.

Scorn Britannia, &c.

His valour! No—His numbers tame
 The poor, unhappy, gallant Swiss—
 The Dutch, the Italian, woe and shame
 He wrought, like Judas, with a kiss.

Scorn Britannia, &c.

Through every palace, every cot,
 The friends of death, lust, rapine, flew,
 And this would be our dreadful lot
 Were Britons to themselves untrue.

Scorn Britannia, &c.

The fool that flies *must* find the grave—
 Unblest, unwept, are Cowards' biers,
 Visions of glory wait the brave,
 Embalm'd in Britain's grateful tears.

Scorn, Britannia, &c.

Breathe but our air the Negro's free!
 When Tyrants breathe it—they shall die—
 Fight—and let this the WATCH-WORD be—
 OUR GOD, our KING, our LIBERTY.

Scorn Britannia, &c.

UNITED AND HEARTY, HAVE AT BONAPARTE.

"TUNE, *Hearts of Oak.*"

YE true-hearted Britons, all join hand in hand,
To guard from invasion your free happy land,
Neither fear nor despise your vain-glorious foe,
But be ready to ward, or to strike the first blow,

*Hearts of Oak are our ships, Hearts of Oak are our men,
United and hearty,
Have at Bonaparte,
We've beat him before and will beat him again.*

Yes, rend the brief laurels that fade on their brow,
Whose watch-word is PLUNDER, not LIBERTY, now,
Who have laid their true King and best friends in their graves,
For what?—to become a vile Corsican's slaves!

Hearts of Oak, &c.

If they wish to be slaves, why still slaves let 'em be,
But take, if they give not, FRENCH LEAVE to be free,
For the BUTCHER of JAFFA, who DOS'D his own crew,
Would, if possible, make a worse tyrant to you.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

But how shall the fugitive RENEGADE stand,
Against BRITONS defending their own native land,
Whom from EGYPT we drove with their legions accurst,
Of all plagues of EGYPT the last and the worst.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

Then, huzza! for our FREE CONSTITUTION and KING
And down with all tyrants, wherever they spring.
And may EUROPE, no longer with jealousy blind,
See the cause of GREAT BRITAIN, the cause of Mankind.

*Hearts of Oak are our ships, Hearts of Oak are our men,
United and hearty,
Have at Bonaparte,
We've beat him before, and will beat him again.*

THE USURPER.

AN ODE.

SUNK in a short and feverish trance,

As Bonaparté lay,

Behold! in spectred state the Kings of France
Pour'd round his bed; and thus, while chill dismay
Froze the Usurper's heart, a voice was heard to say;

"Shades

"Shades of the Bourbon Race! behold
 With awe the Fates' intent:
 To foreign sway your hapless people sold,
 Now first their murder'd King in tears lament,
 And own the vengeance just by outraged Heaven sent,
 Despoiler hence! nor longer call
 These palaces thy own!
 Is it beneath a yoke like thine to fall,
 That Gallia views her sons in bondage groan,
 Her race of nobles slain, her monarchy o'erthrown?
 Oh thou! of France the direst foe,
 Base, Fortune-favour'd slave!
 Wouldst thou again on Europe deal the blow?
 Madman beware! thou only seek'st thy grave—
 Europe united stands her liberty to save,
 The Turk with sabre brandish'd high
 Aloud for vengeance calls,
 While with the Cross the Crescent "flouts the sky,"
 On thy devoted slaves in fury falls,
 And execrates thy name, and points to Jaffa's walls!
 See from Helvetia's rocky height,
 The flame of battle rise!
 Her mountain warriors eager join the fight,
 Thy proffer'd freedom scorn, thy threats despise,
 And with the shout of triumph rend their native skies.
 Iberia plunder'd and oppress'd,
 Feels as thy fate draws near,
 The fire of youth reanimate her breast—
 Batavia's sons forget their former fear,
 Mock their oppressor's rage, and point the hostile spear.
 Alas! what terrors, what alarms,
 What ills are still in store!
 Behold embattled nations fly to arms,
 The gathering clouds approach from shore to shore,
 And on thy sinful head a flood of vengeance pour.
 Albion prepares for war again,
 To lay thy greatness low;
 Launching her floating thunder on the main:
 At thee, fell Corsican, she aims the blow,
 France still may be her friend; thou ever art her foe.
 Never shall blood-stain'd Rajine cease,
 Ne'er shall thy crimes be o'er—
 Nor science, arts, nor commerce please,
 Nor happy nations hail returning peace,
 Till Gallia shall be free, and thou shalt be no more!"

THE EVE OF INVASION.

ALL.

THE hour of battle now draws nigh,
We swear to conquer, or to die;
Haste quick away thou slow-pac'd
night,
To-morrow's dawn begins the fight.

CHORUS.

*Brothers, draw th' avenging sword,
Death or Freedom be the word.*

A SOLDIER.

Did ye not leave, when forc'd to part,
Some treasure precious to the heart?
And feel ye not your bosoms swell,
When e'er ye think of that farewell?

Chorus.

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

My Lucy said, no longer stay,
Thy country calls thee hence away—
Adieu!—may Angels round thee hover,
But no base slave shall be my lover.

Chorus.

ANOTHER.

My grandsire cried, I cannot go,
But thou, my son, shalt meet the foe;
I need not say, dear boy, be brave,
No Briton sure would live a slave.

Chorus.

ANOTHER.

My wife, whose glowing looks exprest
What patriot ardour warm'd her breast,
Said, "In the battle, think of me;
These helpless babes, they shall be free!"

Chorus.

ALL.

Shades of heroes gone inspire us,
Children, wives, and country fire us.
Freedom loves this hallow'd ground—
Hark! Freedom bids the trumpet sound.

CHORUS.

*Brothers, draw th' avenging sword,
Death or freedom be the word.*

THE QUERY.

HARK! 'tis the cannon's distant roar
Resounds from Gallia's, hostile shore.
The signal's given; the servile bands
Await their haughty Chief's commands.
He comes, he comes, th' insidious foe!
Say, Britons, shall he conquer? No.

On Agincourt's and Cressy's plain
Have our brave fathers bled in vain;
Can their degenerate offspring bear
A foreign Despot's yoke to wear;
And life, dispoiled of freedom, owe
To Europe's Tyrant, Britons? No.

When superstitious PHILIP's boast,
The vast Armada brav'd our coast,
Our sires uphold ELIZA's throne,
And with her rights preserv'd their own,
Shall we those glorious rights forego?
Each British voice exclaims—No, No.

Not e'en a legal Prince could bind
In servile chains the British mind.
When WILLIAM, our deliver came,
How brightly glow'd the patriot flame.
Still does that flame as brightly glow—
Shall BONAPARTE suppress it?—No.

On distant shores, by MARLBOROUGH
led,

Britons' appear'd, and Frenchmen fled.
Can their descendants those withstand
Who fight to guard their native land,
Their throne and altars, from a foe
Cruel and sacregious?—No.

Blest isle! whose fame, from age to age,
Hath dignify'd th' historic page,
Must those to power tyrannic bend—
Thy long, long course of glory end?
Must Britain yield to Freedom's foe?
UNITED MILLIONS answer—No.

Morning Herald.

BONAPARTE'S

BONAPARTE'S SOLILOQUY.

NOW I've shipp'd my soldiers all
Launch'd them forth upon the sea;
Lent them vessels great and small,
To fright the Land of Liberty.

Fifty thousand men are gone,
Fifty thousand more shall go;
What care I tho' not e'en one
'Scape the fetters of the foe?

Valiant hero's, such as I,
Care not for humanity;
We regard not mis'ry's cry,
Nor the tears of sorrow see,

Promis'd I, myself, to lead
Forth the bands from Gallia's shore?
Ah! *que non!* my prudent head
Whispers—"Then my reign is o'er."

Let the worst of sorrows come!
Let proud Britons win the day!
Still I know of trusty some,
Who, with me, would—run away.

Ev'ry day 's a day of dread;
Long ago I've made my will—
Better write, before I'm dead,
Something of a codicil.

E'er in earth full low I lie
Let me ever bear in mind,
Just before I nobly die,
To d—n the whole of human kind.

PHILO. HAFIZ.

Morning Post, Oct. 14, 1803.

LINES

PROPHETIC OF

BRITAIN'S TRIUMPH.

FIERCELY let the battle rage
On the proud insulting foe;
Let the feeble breast of age—
With energetic ardour flow.

Not the spear that brightly gleams
Thro' the radiant ranks of fight,
Not the sword whose fiercer beams
Hover round a blaze of light.

Not the cannons hideous roar
Shall our destined prey defend;
Valour stalks on yonder shore,
Pain of death his steps attend.

High he waves the fork in air,
Emblem once of peace and joy;
War is now his only care,
Arms his every thought employ,

Hark! the gallant fight is clos'd
Far and wide the carnage spreads;
Valour to despair oppos'd
Swift the rank of battle leads.

Britons, rise, to vengeance rise,
Heav'n shall aid the forceful blow;
Britons shout, for yonder lies
Stretch'd on earth, the slaughter'd
foe!

Morning Herald.

BRITANNIA'S TRIUMPHS.

Written during the late War.

BY MR. COURTENAY.

LET France her vain Republic boast,
Her slavish system sing,
Bright Freedom gilds Britannia's coast,
And shields her sacred King.

CHORUS.

*Britannia, then, your foes defy,
Your glorious flag unfurl,
The cross victorious wave on high,
And vengeful thunder hurl.*

Tho' France and haughty Spain combine
For empire o'er the main;
Howe's, Vincent's lightning fires their
line,
And bids Britannia reign.

*Britannia, &c.**Batavia's*

Batavia's fleet, 'midst shoals and isles,
 In vain the tempest tries;
 Bold Duncan shakes her trembling
 piles,
 And wins the glorious prize.
 Britannia, &c.

Hibernia tunes her joyful lyre,
 For lo! in wild dismay,
 Gaul's banner strikes to Warren's fire,
 And yields the brilliant day.
 Britannia, &c.

Let Egypt tell our Nelson's praise,
 Heroically brave,
 While Gallia's navy sheds a blaze
 O'er the Nile's blood-stain'd wave.
 Britannia, &c.

At Britain's call, his dreaded line
 Now shakes your hostile shore;
 See Danish valour only shine
 To add one trophy more.
 Britannia, &c.

While vict'ry crowns our sea-girl isle,
 And hearts of oak rejoice;
 His best reward is beauty's smile,
 And sweet exulting voice.
 Britannia, &c.

While noble acts our triumphs grace,
 From patriot zeal they flow,
 We own the bleeding sailor's race,
 And sooth the widow's woe.
 Britannia, &c.

Danger and death Britannia braves,
 Say—can she ever fall?
 * Her circling trench the foaming
 waves
 And fleets her floating wall.
 Britannia, &c.

* In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall.

Let wine and joy illumine each brow,
 While loyal plaudits ring,
 To Vincent, Duncan, Nelson, Howe,
 And England's laurel'd King.
*Britannia, then your foes defy,
 Your conquering flag unfurl,
 The cross victorious wave on high
 And vengeful thunder hurl.*

LINES,

*Written on a blank leaf of a History
 of the French Revolution, during
 the late struggle for Freedom, in
 Switzerland.*

I hate mock Freedom's frantic noise,
 Her canting, philanthropic voice,
 Those crocodile effusions!
 Practis'd upon the Rights of Man,
 By every Gallic Charlatan
 With magical delusions.
 Amid the necromantic glare,
 Deceit conceals a hidden snare,
 Envelop'd deep in gloom;
 Proscriptions, dungeons, and the cord,
 The axe, the dagger, and the sword,
 A Royal Martyr's tomb!

While hearts shall beat, and tears shall
 flow,
 For public wrong, and private woe,
 We weep those savage crimes:
 Thy brood, atrocious France! alone,
 Before unheard of, and unknown,
 Reserv'd for modern times.

Cæsar's ambition, Nero's wrath,
 Marius, and Sylla's works of death,
 Their blush of guilt turns pale,
 Before the sanguinary blaze,
 That crimson thy degenerate days,
 And stains thy coat of mail.

Thousands

Thousands in horrid caverns pine,
Or crush'd in pits their breath resign,
Or sink beneath the wave :
Blown from the cannon thousands fly :
Are these the fruits of liberty,
Or, deeds that mark the brave ?

When nations, independent, free,
By arms subdued, must bend the knee,
Thy pride, and power, to swell ;
Sure Heaven in wrath shall blast the
deed,

And launch the freedom-feather'd reed,
That flew from William Tell.

Ye powers ! from your unerring hand,
To that devoted, guilty land,
Where Freedom bleeding lies ;
Direct the patriotic dart,
And lodge it in the monster's heart,
Who scorns her tears and sighs.

Avenge a murder'd Monarch's cause,
And Europe's violated laws,
The world to peace restore ;
Ambition, treachery, fraud, and spoil,
May vengeance grasp them in his toil,
—Their reign of blood be o'er.

British Neptune.

BRITAIN'S WAR-SONG.

SOUND the startling trump of battle,
Bid the crimson'd banner wave ;
Bid the cannon's thundering rattle
Wake to war the Good and Brave.

Britons to arms !

Drunk with blood, with conquest
daring,

See yon rav'ning hordes advance ;
Albion's ruin hear them swearing,
Crush'd, enslav'd, by slavish France.

Britons to arms !

Sons of Freedom, Sons of Glory !
Shall they, shall they threat and live ?
Vengeance waits them, grim and gory ;
Vengeance such as Heroes give !

Britons to arms !

Quenchless through the peace of ages,
Brooding o'er these blissful plains,
High the flame of Valour rages,
Boils the blood in British veins.

Britons to arms !

Idly, spoilers, have ye vaunted ;
Firm our Patriot Legions stand ;
Hands united, hearts undaunted,
Guardians of their native land.

Britons to arms !

Mothers, virgins, calm and tearless
Hear the trumpet's loud alarms !
Know, that Britons, free and fearless,
Dare defy the World in arms.

Britons to arms !

AN ADDRESS TO A SHILLING,

WHICH THE

AUTHOR GAVE TO THE SUB-
SCRIPTION FOR THE SUP-
PORT OF HIS COUNTRY.

GO forth, my mite ! and join the heap,
That Loyalty bestows ;

Go guard our coast, go rule the deep,
And thunder on our foes.

Be not abash'd—resign thy fear,
That weak and poor thou art ;
'Twas honest labour brought thee here,
And freedom bids us part.

Go forth—and when amid the train
Of glitt'ing thousands prest,
Should some proud guinea look disdain,
Be thus thy speech address :

“ Tho' from no golden heaps I came,
Nor boast a purse-proud owner ;
A sterling shilling is my name,
And loyal is the donor.
His debts when paid, he found me o'er,
And gave me with good will ;
Oft wish'd me gold, or, what is more,
But equal to his zeal.”

I see thy little heart beats high,
And pants in every string ;
Then out with energy, and cry,
“ Britannia and her King.”

HARRY HORACE.

THE INVASION PUT OFF.

(A Parody on Gray's Ode to Spring.)

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A
VOLUNTEER.

LO! when the plunder-loving slaves
Of Bonaparte appear,
Disclose their projects on the waves
And catch the falling year.
The little Consul pours his throat,
Perch'd on a snug-flat-bottom'd boat;
His slaves re-echo to their king.
While winds, that far the British keep,
Their proud invaders o'er the deep
In safe procession bring.

Where e'er the paddling Frenchmen
stretch
Along the shelvy shore;
Where'er their skulking course they
fetch,

And ruthless Myriads pour;—
Be mine, beside some patriot-band,
At Honor's call to guard the strand;
And there to view, while dealing
blows,
How vain the swelling Consul's pride,
How brave the British when they're
tried,

How puny are their foes!
Still is the toiling artist's hand,
And hush'd are labour's sounds;
While thro' the ranks that fill the land,
"To arms, to arms," resounds;
The well-train'd youth are on the wing,
To guard their Country and their King,
And bravely shield the British coast;
While on their barks, full many a score
Of loyal Tars their thunders pour,
And whelm the Gallic host.

To Patriotism's prophetic eye,
Such is Invasion's fate;
And they that fight, and they that fly,
Shall fall by those they hate.
Alike the Consul, and his crew,
May threaten what they mean to do,
And fortune favour'd reach our shore;
Till gall'd in front, in flank, in rear,
Wile all is slaughter, rout and fear,
They sink to rise no more.

Methinks the voice, from yonder
coast,
Of Talleyrand I hear;
"And what art thou who dar'st to
boast—
A paltry Volunteer.
Thy Comrades never fought for hire,
Scarce have they learnt to prime and
fire:
Yet, since such spirit they display,
Lest thy prediction should prove true,
And Bonaparte his project rue,
We'll put it off till May."

BRITANNIA,
EMPRESS OF THE SEA.

TUNE.—"Rule Britannia."

ON snowy wings angelic Peace,
To bless the world delighted came;
She bad discordant tumults cease,
And cherish'd Friendship's dying
flame.

CHORUS.

*And great Britannia, fav'rite of the
skies,
Knew how to estimate the prize.
Now Gallic breasts, by envy own'd,
To curb her glory and renown,
Have hateful war again enthron'd,
And redemand the Tyrant's frown.
But fam'd Britannia, mistress of the
waves,
Despises threats from abject slaves.*

Her fleets already dare the main,
Their flags triumphant o'er it swell;
The noblest freedom to maintain,
Whose loss let poor Helvetia tell.
*Glorious Britannia, liberty is thine,
And ever round thy throne shall shine.*

Oh! union fill each British heart;
When nerv'd by thee we matchless
stand,
To execute the grateful part,
Defence of King, of laws, and land.
*Britons resolv'd, Britannia still
shall be,
Unrivall'd Empress of the sea,*